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# PUNCH

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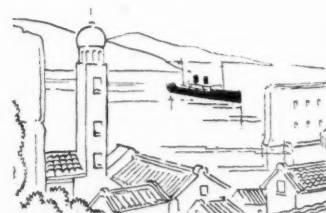
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## Charivaria.

IN connection with the Sino-Japanese hostilities there is one great consolation. So far neither side has claimed that they are doing it to make the world safe for democracy.

The wife of a Chicago musician has obtained a divorce on the ground that he told her that he was fonder of his saxophone than of her. It would of course be unfair to blame him without knowing what his wife sounds like.

We have just heard of a stockbroker who wants to swap his seat on the Stock Exchange for one at the Cup Final.

"Cabinet Ministers are not very different from other human beings," says a publicist. There are people who will resent this.

A lecturer says he regards wealth as a disease. If this is so, the Inland Revenue Department is really doing the work of the Ministry of Health.

There is said to be a shortage of Manx cats. We thought there was no end to them.

A new play is described by a critic as having a very bad ending. The usual fault with the ending of a modern play is that it is too far from the beginning.

Might we not say that income-tax is possibly the most painful form of capital punishment?

According to a Sunday newspaper you can tell the temperature by listening to a cricket, subtracting forty from the number of its chirps, dividing the result by four and adding fifty to the answer. Another good way is to use a thermometer.

There are new tests for drunkenness. A suspect is shown a post-office or a bank, and if he describes the building as a circulating library he is taken back to the police-station.

## A Finer Phisicke for Flu.

I HAVE carefully corked up all my medicine-bottles—seven of them. There they stand, all full of the most nauseating and ineffably inefficient concoctions imaginable. I shall never recover, but if I do it will not be *their* fault.

How immeasurable is the gulf between the miserable nostrums of to-day and the dynamic concoctions of the distant past! I have an ancient book of Phisicke, and I derive great comfort from perusing the chapter devoted to my disease.

"When the east wind Prowls upon his Niggardly Occa-

sions," begins the author poetically, "first among those evils that the Season teaches us to expect is the *Hypochondriacal Passion*. And this is particularly manifest in a vehement oppression of the head and Belly, as it were the sick person being miserably tormented with a prodigious Rheum. This Influenza, for so it is sometimes called, passes oft-times into a sort of *Bastard Peripneumonia*: the sick person is afflicted with Blueiness of the Cheeks and Paleness of Face; and the Sinking of the Temples, Crookedness of the Nails, and falling off of the hair are the immediate Forerunners of Death."

A good, straightforward and encouraging description of the symptoms! And now for the cure:—

"Take of Filings of Steel, finely powdered, one ounce; sufficient quantity of wormwood, a handful of Garden Scurvy-Grafs; burnt hart's-horn and compound Powder of Crab's Claws, of each half a dram; Electuary *de Ovo*, one scruple, and make a Bolus, which may be taken every eight hours, drinking after it a Small quantity of Ale or Posset (about a Gallon and a half)."



"BUT I SAY, I THOUGHT THIS WAS A CRUISE IN SEARCH OF SUNSHINE?"  
"YES, SIR, BUT THE CAPTAIN SENDS HIS COMPLIMENTS AND SAYS HE'S SORRY BUT HE CAN'T FIND IT."

There! Plenty of body about that. None of your wishy-washy boluses here. But the good doctor is leaving nothing to chance:—

"If after all the disease doth continue (which happens very rarely) let the Patient use a Corroborating Potion with repeated draughts of Sage-Posset, or Beer boiled with a little Mace."

Filings of Steel are good, if a little severe, but my preference goes to the Prescription for a Cough.

"Take Oil of sweet Almonds, one ounce, Syrups of Red Poppy, of Pruslain, and of Ju-jubes, and the licking Medicine called *Lohoch Sanum*, mix them in a Marble Mortar for the Space of an Hour, and make a perfectly mixed

licking Medicine. It is to be taken frequently, licking it off of a Liquorish-Stick."

I am sure that I have a Cough. And if I have a Cough I think that I can hardly fail to be suffering from that kindred affliction, an Inflammation of the Throat.

"While by reason of the ruinous and tottery condition of their bodies the weakest are obnoxious to the assaults of the *Hypochondriacal Passion*, those that are of the strongest Constitution can hardly hope to escape that other consequence of the Season, Inflammation of the Throat.

"Let the diseased person immediately drink up about a gallon of Posset. Prescribe a Gargarism in this manner. Honey of Roses, fugar candy, three ounces; the whites of 3 Eggs, the tops of sharp-pointed dock-leaves, three ounces: shake, and mix a Gargarism, to be held in the mouth three minutes without Agitation."

The hated process of gargarising would lose all its sting. It would become a pleasure to be ill. . . . Honey of Roses, Syrup of Red Poppy, Ju-jubes, and Filings of Steel!

But most of all, I think, I should appreciate a Small quantity of Posset (about a Hoghead and a half).



### Pæan to Japan.

(Suggested by one or two speeches in Parliament and one or two articles in the *Daily Press*.)

*Hoch!* to the Junkers again, to the people who take a grip on  
A land that is not their own by the might of their mailed  
fists.

*Hoch!* for the new *Kultur* and the helmeted Kaiser of  
Nippon,  
Loved as the German was loved, and long may he hold  
the lists!

### The Book of the Year.

FOR permission to print below an extract from the great romantic novel, *Hearts in the Moock*, I am indebted to the author, Mr. Ezra Clump, whose work as a ploughman in the North Riding of Yorkshire takes him far out into the great world. I do so in the sure knowledge that the lives of all of us will be enriched by the fruits of Mr. Clump's experience. He took ten years over writing it, and many competent critics who know Mr. Clump are amazed that he finished it so quickly. Even those who were closest in touch with his mentality were of the opinion that nothing ever stirred behind those deep-set eyes. How wrong they were may be judged by reading this chapter of his novel, which I print in the hope that some rich publisher will come forward and make an offer for it.

#### Hearts in the Moock.

BY

EZRA CLUMP.

CHAPTER VI.

That night the Duke had in a party of nobles for a gorge in the hall of the old castle. Roast pork they had with plenty of stuffing, and then a huge great apple-pie and as nice a bit of cheese as ever you did see.

"Eat up hearty, gents all," cried Duke. "There's plenty more i' t' larder, so doan't stint theeselves a my account." When all was full, the Duke beats table for silence and rises to remark. One and all turns a lug in his direction to hear what might be said.

"Now, gents," says Duke, "it is my happy purpose to inform you that my daughter, the Lady Ermytrude, is bespoke. His young lordship, Ed Thomson, has asked her to name the day; and so I asks you now, one and all, to drink up hearty to the happy pair."

But just then Jasper Smith, the moneylender, sees fit to rise to his feet.

"Not so fast, Duke," cries he. "Afore tha goes no further I'd like a word with thee."

"What, me?" says Duke, surprised.

"I would and all," says Jasper; and together they goes out into the parlour behind the hall.

"See here, Duke," he goes on sharp-like, "ist tha going to cough up t' cash?"

"What cash?" asks Duke in a muck sweat.

"Twenty thousand pound tha owes me, let alone interest. I've got the papers back home signed up regular. I'll thank thee to oblige now; and don't let's have no cheques."

"Tha won't get no cheques nor nowt else neither," says Duke, short-like; "what for that I ain't got no brass i' t' bank, and tha knows it."

"If I can't have t' brass well then tha maun give me t' lass instead."

"What say?"

"Ay, lad—the Lady Ermytrude."

The Duke's face were paler nor a slab of cheese as they went back into the hall.

"It's all off, lads," he calls out. "Thee'd best be off home."

But just then there comes a banging on the back-door, and who should come a-pushing into the room but Ed Thomson, the young lord.

"No intrusion, gents, I hope," says he, with a grin on his great face.

"Come in, lad, come in," cried Duke. "Tell George to get thee a sup of beer and try a bit of this yere cheese. Tha knows tha's always welcome."

"Ere, 'ere, 'ere," cries Jasper Smith, sharp and hard, "let's have none o' that, Duke. Tha can tell his young lordship he'd best be off home too. We don't want none of his sort hanging round here no more."

"What's fule say?" asks the young lord, taking a diling piece of cheese.

One and all gathered round to hear the high words what was expected to pass, and many was the black look what Jasper Smith saw fit to disregard.

"Shame on yer, Jasper Smith!" cries Duke. "The lad's done thee no harm."

"The which I will and all," says Ed Thomson, jumping up lively as he takes in what was passing, "unless he speaks more civil. There's been some goings-on here what needs some telling on, and sharp too."

Black as pint of bog-water grew his face as the Duke let on to what had been before.

"I'll have a talk about that with thee, Duke," says he; "but first of all I'll give Jasper Smith a clout what'll make him remember his betters," and with these words he swallows his cheese quick and squares up handy-like.

At that Jasper Smith takes up his beer-mug and makes to thump Ed Thomson on the head, but he misses his aim and the young lord clouts him smartly. Afore they could go no further, though, there comes a bang on the door and in walks Police-Constable John Budge.

"I suppose tha knows tha house is afire, Jasper Smith?" he asks.

"What, mine?" hollers Jasper.

"It is and all," says John Budge; "I seen it coming down the lane. 'Tis burning grandly."

"The papers!" yells Jasper, and with that makes off without no more ado.

"Good riddance," says all, and seats theirselves to drink up hearty to the wedding-day of the young lord.

I have quoted enough, I think, to give some conception of the rugged grandeur, the deep and utter sincerity of the book. It is a book which will endure long after the table whose leg it now supports has mouldered to dust.

### Translation from the Chinese.

#### LANDLORD.

WHEN the herdsman Ho Pei burst in and complained That rain broke through the roof of his hut The heart of that good man Wang, his landlord, was lacerated.

"And is it not so with your unreflecting mind Where passion breaks through? Only yourself can mend the one and the other. Go home, practise humility And pay your rent."

This impartial poet records That Ho Pei wept and slunk shamefacedly away, Remembering suddenly that Wang was rich And that he subscribed freely to the League of Daffodils.

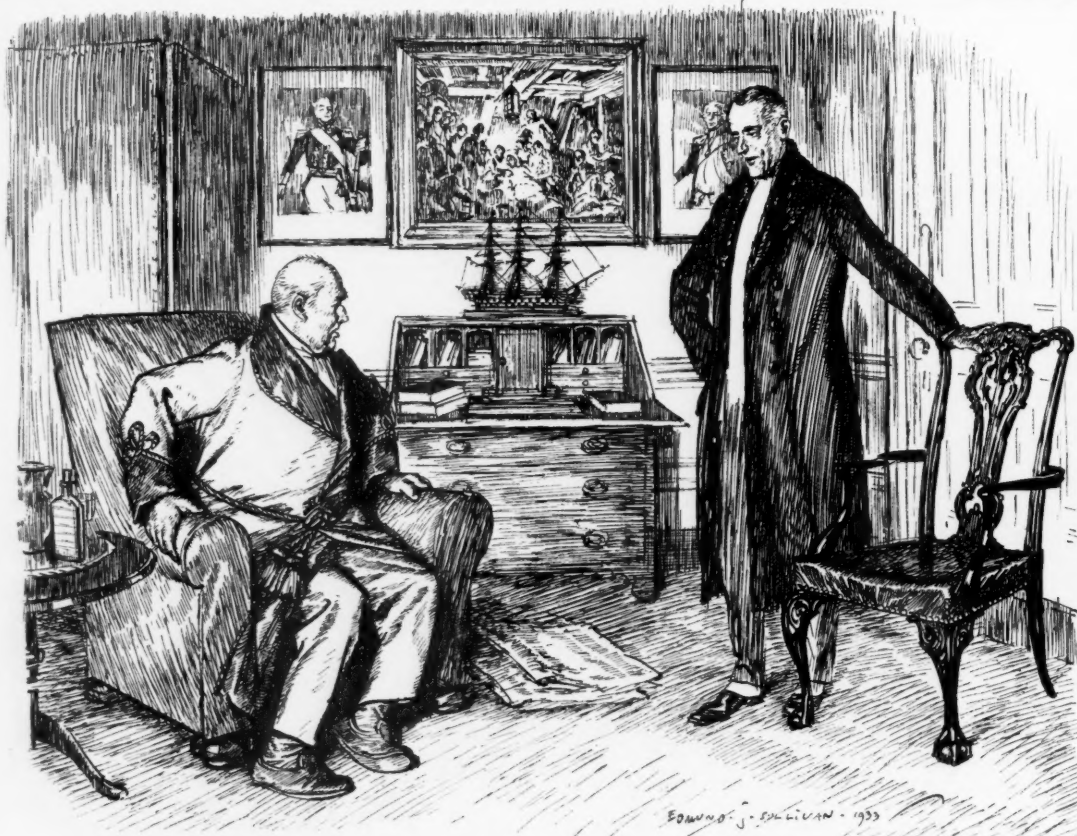
W. K. S.





HIS MORNING EXERCISE.  
THE LONE EX-MINISTER UPON HIS ELEPHANT.

[Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL—not without a large body of Conservative support in the country—continues to demonstrate his opposition to the policy of the National Government.]



M.D. "AND REMEMBER—NO WINE, BEER OR SPIRITS—A GLASS OF MILK THREE TIMES A DAY."  
Admiral Grogan. "MILK, SIR! MILK! ISN'T THAT THE STUFF THEY TURN INTO UMBRELLA HANDLES?"

### The Shovewood.

Able-Seaman Badger placed his empty tankard on the bar-counter and resumed his train of thought.

"Bit o' plain writin' as anyone could read, an' it would have been all right," he grumbled half-aloud.

The naval rating beside him spoke. "Got a bit of a grouse on, ain't yer, mate? What is it now?"

"This 'ere eddication. Classes for this 'ere an' courses for that there other. We ain't 'ad pianner-playin' nor yet basket-makin' on the lower deck yet, but they'll come. An' where does it get yer? An' then when it comes to a bit o' plain writin'—"

"Orl right, mate. 'Ere, 'ave one with me an' get it orf yer chest."

"I expect you've 'eard it. Anyways, you're the first 'umin' being I've met in Plymouth what 'asn't, if you ain't." He paused.

"Bein' dropped on like, for store-keeper at a minute's notice means you 'as to keep a cool 'ead. 'Arry 'Iggs, our

storekeeper on the *Belligerent*, 'e goes into sick bay with a poisoned foot. An' 'Arry 'e says to me, 'Bill,' he says, 'you keep that there store-book to tally with the stuff in the store. Don't let none o' them thieves 'ave no stores without a chit. Make your stock tally with the store-book an' you're right.'

"An' I was too. I 'ad it all taped, from spare gratin's down to tin-tacks. When 'Arry was a fortnight gone in sick bay I could lay me 'ands on anything.

"Then one day I checks orf me stores. Went through the book from 'A'—axes—to 'S'—shoes; an' then I sees 'Shovewood (one).'

"I spends the day lookin' for it. An' when you spends a day lookin' for a thing you wouldn't reckernise if you see, it begins to tell on yer.

"So I asks about. I asks one or two what a shovewood is like an' they laughs an' passes it orf. So I asks what it's for, an' one bloke says it's for shovin' under a baulk o' timber—'like a wedge,' he says.

"Me an' the Navigatin' Officer bein'

pretty thick, an' 'im 'avin' the eddication, I pops 'im the question.

"'A shovewood, Badger?' he says. 'Why, it's a—a kind of a gadget for —er—shoving wood. Sort o' timber-tug, I think—like a trolley.'

"With that as a cloo I goes below an' puts in three hours 'avin' another look. Blimey, there wasn't nothing like it!

"I went to see 'Arry 'Iggs, but 'e'd been sent ashore to 'orsepittle, 'is foot 'avin' took a change for the worse. Well, it was 'is job, so I thought this 'ere shovewood could wait for 'im.

"Then one day the Commander 'as all 'ands on deck an' says the Admiral's makin' inspection next week. The Commander 'e says 'e knows 'ow 'e can rely on all things being ship-shape for the inspection, an' 'ow 'e will raise all 'ell if they ain't.

"That 'it me 'ard, it did, me bein' one shovewood short. So two of my chums an' me, usin' tack with the Engineer Officer, we 'ad one made.

"Wheels it 'ad to 'ave—I stuck out fer that. Flat it was, with springs under the chassis. It was narrer in the bows

an' rounded in the stern. The Engineer Officer 'e couldn't do enough to it. It fair fascinated 'im, 'e said; but after a bit 'e said it was too like a scooter, an' 'e 'ad a little steering-wheel put in. When it was painted Service-grey it looked a fair treat.

"The Engineer 'e says ter me, 'There's yer flaming shovewood,' 'e says, 'an' you 'ide it away in yer store ready fer a Christmas bazaar on shore,' says 'e.

"I puts it down in the store an' covers it up with a tarpaulin.

"Well, we comes to inspection-day, the Admiral aboard, brass 'ats all over the place, an' the 'ole ship's company gettin' in each other's way.

"After 'e'd bin over the engine-room an' through the fo'c'stle, down through the store-room 'e come, an' the 'ole circus—officers, marines, paymasters an' clerks.

"I stood by me desk, books all in order, shelves all dusted.

"The Admiral—you know 'im, 'im with the lobster-coloured face—'e comes in all smilin' an' sayin' narsty things polite-like, an' 'as a look round.

"An' blow me if one o' them attendants of 'is, running 'is finger round things lookin' fer dust, don't pull the tarpaulin orf of the shovewood!

"It catches the Admiral's eye an' 'e pulls up in 'is own length, like. Just be'ind 'im was the Captain, an' there was a Commander or two 'angin' round.

"'Ah! an' what 'ave we 'ere?' 'e said.

"The Captain 'e looked 'ard an' turned to a Commander. 'What is it?' 'e said.

"I stood me ground, dazed-like, an' then I 'eard the bo'sun's voice speakin' ter me. 'Now, you, 'e says, 'what's that?'

"'Shovewood,' I says prompt. I 'ad the book to prove it.

"The information gits passed up higher an' the Captain 'e says to the Admiral, very calm, 'A shovewood, Sir.'

"'Ah, yes, of course,' says the Admiral; an' the circus moves along.

"When the coast was clear I goes up for air. I wanted some.

"Next day 'Arry 'Iggs comes aboard, discharged from 'orsepittle, an' he takes over.

"First thing 'e sees is that there shovewood.

"'Wot's this 'ere?' 'e says, indignant.

"I tells 'im, an' 'e says there ain't no such thing.

"'It's in your book, any'ow,' I says. 'Ere you are—"Shovewood (one)," I says.

"'Ere,' he says, 'carn't you read?



Passenger (on luxury liner). "YOU MUST ADMIT, ANNIE, THAT IT IS HARD TO REALISE THAT YOU ARE ACTUALLY AFLOAT ON THE OCEAN."

That's "Shovel wood (one)"—see? In other words, "One wooden shovel"—there it is over there. An' take that awful-lookin' pram to 'ell out of 'ere!"

#### Smith Minor in Form Again.

"Cranmer carried the spirit of the Reformation further, and was burnt at the stake by Mary for not decanting."

*Schoolboy's Answer.*

"After the reception at Hexham Hydro-pathetic, Mr. and Mrs. — left for Switzerland."—*Local Paper.*

We hope they cheered up when they got there.

"Road conditions in the New Forest were the worst known for years. In several places the roads were lined with cats unable to climb the snow-covered hills."—*Daily Paper.*

All the week-end it was skidding cats and dogs.

#### The Monopolist.

(A pedestrian writes to the Press to say that if cars on the roads are a nuisance, cycling clubs are worse.)

MUCH more agreeable the roads would be

If they were kept exclusively for me. I do not find the motorists the worst—The bicyclists might be abolished first, Who swoop round corners, dozens, wheel to wheel, And see me jump, with joy they don't conceal.

Recurrent epidemics science sees And fights against as "cycles of disease"; But me this pest to fiercer fury goads—The dire disease of cycles on the roads!

W. K. H.





Wife. "IS THAT YOU, GEORGE?"

Burglar (assuming a cultured voice). "Y-YES, OLD GAL."

### More Postal Information.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The blackbird, of which I spoke in a postscript to my last letter, has laid such a wonderful egg! It is pale blue in colour, thickly mottled with reddish markings, and about the size of the egg of the common starling, from which, however, it may easily be distinguished by the latter's freedom from marks of any kind; besides, *Sturnus vulgaris* delays his courting till the warmer days of spring, and nidification rarely takes place earlier than the end of April. How busy the parent birds will be in a day or two, bringing worms and insects to the shallow grass-lined nest for the satisfaction of their voracious offspring!

(I am afraid I must ask you, Sir, to put up with all this. The present letter, like my last, is written mainly with a view to the diffusion of culture among the people and for the eventual enrichment of my biography. There is worse to follow.)

On Friday we dined with the Bishop of B— and found a distinguished company assembled at his board, including Lady Finch, General Blankney (down here for the beagling), E. B. Clegge, Amelia Penge and many other well-known literary people. I have tasted better Burgundy, and the *Réchauffé de Cabillaud* was not quite to my liking, but on the whole the evening was a great success, and I have rarely enjoyed more well-informed or more entertaining conversation. There was an amusing incident during the savoury (an agreeable cheese *soufflé*) of which I must not fail to tell you. A chance remark of my own had started a discussion on the validity of sense-experi-

ence, and Lady Finch was arguing very ably for the transcendental unity of apperception as the *essential condition* of our comprehension of an unsynthesised manifold, when a gentleman, who has acquired a considerable reputation in the district for the scope and variety of his reading, broke in with the observation that he was surprised to find intelligent people still attaching so much importance to the outworn doctrines of SPINOZA. You may imagine the laughter that greeted this extraordinary remark! It was really too good to find the local *savant* attributing to SPINOZA one of the main philosophical tenets of KANT and doing it with so confident and even bellicose an air. But it is sad to reflect that even to-day there are people who have not studied *The Critique of Pure Reason* with proper attention.

You will be glad to hear that Arthur is relieved of his lumbago (I suppose everyone will realise that the Earl of Cannington is here alluded to?) and hopes shortly to publish his *Reminiscences*, the MS. of which he was kind enough to put into my hands with a request for criticism and advice. I was very favourably impressed by the *Gelunde-sprechen* of the book, as well as by that *gemutlich Hinaus-lehnen* which distinguishes all his writings, but strongly disapproved of the description of the late Lord Mullion as "that pompous old ox." He debated the point with some heat, but eventually agreed with me that "obstreperous old sheep" was the better expression, and incorporated it in the text without further ado. After this proof of his regard for me it was with the keenest disappointment that I heard of his intention to leave here almost immediately on a journey to the Isle of Wight, one of the only two places

in England where the Siberian thrush has ever been known to nest. However, I shall console myself in his absence with the reflection that *coelum non animum mutant*, etc. (which means I can't remember the rest of it), and meanwhile have lent him a geological survey of the island, the stratification of which, as you no doubt know, is extremely well-defined and rich in fossil deposits, particularly of the Eocene period. *Iguanodon*, *Unio valdensis*, and, I believe, *Cimoliosaurus* have been unearthed from the Wealden beds in the neighbourhood of Sandown Bay, where S. and I spent such a delightful fortnight last September. But I digress.

I wish you could see how we labour at the garden of a morning! Lizzie has been busy repotting the gloxinias and tuberous begonias, and is at present employed on the application of a light dressing of slaked lime to the perennial border. This is an excellent fertiliser for clayey soils when distributed over the surface at the rate of half-a-pound to the square yard; though, as I tell her, wood-ashes and the refuse from autumn bonfires also give good results and are both cheaper and easier to handle. She has also made a start with the early beans, which withstand the drought so much better when planted in plenty of time, and I feel I can never be sufficiently grateful for the good fortune that sent me such a treasure to be my "fellow-farer true through life." She seems quite indefatigable.

I saw the report of T.'s speech in the House last Tuesday, and he seems to me to have stated the case for the scrapping of Section 4 of the Public Fountains (Prevention of Abuses) Act very convincingly. He is rapidly making his mark as a sincere and clear-headed thinker, with nothing but the best interests of his country at heart. But what nonsense Rogers talked on the musk-rat question! Surely it is obvious that these animals—at one time peculiar to America—can be kept at bay simply by the employment of a few trained dogs and a more rigorous inspection of passengers' luggage at the quayside? Yet here we have a Member of Parliament solemnly suggesting the appointment of a Special Commission to deal with the menace—as if the musk-rat was of more importance than the Skegness Sanitation Bill, which has been held up for weeks by all this pettifogging nonsense. I am not, I hope, an intolerant man nor much given to the expression of violent and uncompromising opinions, but, upon my word, I sometimes think that all is not well with the conduct of our Legislature. Let me hear your views; but keep in mind the precepts of BENTHAM (*whatever they were*) when you are setting them down.

Yesterday evening, *ut leviora attingam*, I went with a

Mr. Williams to the kinema to witness the presentation of *Fried Souls*, a tragedy. Much of the photography was good, and the reproduction of the human voice surprisingly effective; but the piece as a whole was a disappointment, there being a lamentable disregard of the basic principles of dramatic construction, and in particular of the Three Unities, upon which SOPHOCLES so rightly insisted. Upon my remarking as much to Mr. Williams during one of the closing scenes, he replied with a scholarly and interesting dissertation on the advantages possessed by the Stage over the Screen in this respect. But his arguments, though obviously sound, seemed to be resented by a number of ill-bred persons in the neighbouring seats, who continually called out to him to be silent in language which towards the end became positively violent. It is to be hoped that all film-enthusiasts are not too narrow-minded even to listen to the arguments of those who profess a preference for the legitimate stage. Was it not APOLLONIUS RHODIUS who

said that the measure of a man was the breadth of his mind, not the length of his legs? (*It wasn't actually, but can you prove it?*)

Another week and the daffodils should be at their best.

Yours very sincerely,  
H. F. E.

#### A New Terror For Dentists.

"Witness identified the accused as the man who had fired the shots from his irregular front teeth."

Indian Paper.

#### "HALVED INFANT MORTALITY."

Daily Paper.

That is what SOLOMON anticipated.

#### Lighting-up Time.

WELL I remember looking down

From the hill that slopes to the little town,  
Watching the lights break one by one  
When the moon was late and the day was done.

One by one in a lengthening line,  
At the walking-pace of a friend of mine;  
From lamp to lamp in the hushed half-dark  
He bore his staff with its kindling spark.

But now no more is the wizard found  
With the gift of fire on his cheerful round;  
The hill-top sees, through the gloaming grey,  
A magic worked in a stranger way.

Not as the sky flowers, star by star,  
The village shows where its standards are—  
Suddenly, there at the watcher's feet,  
The constellation is bright, complete.

Things that were wonderful pale and pass;  
Lightning, tamed, does the work of gas;  
But still I think it was far more fun  
When the lights woke twinkling one by one.

W. K. H.



"YOU CAN'T MAKE SNOWBALLS HERE."  
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR, IT'S THE BEER."

### "Button C."

THERE must be something in our educational system after all. And the British race must have far more intelligence than it is credited with; otherwise it could not cope with the problems of the Public Telephone Call-Box (*cum* Dialling).

Or perhaps it does not cope. One can seldom tell from the backs of the people in the little glass confessional-boxes exactly how they are getting on. And one cannot tell much from their faces when they come out. But the faces suggest gloom. Have you noticed that? You never saw anyone come out of a public telephone-box with a happy smile or an aspect of hope. They all look very grave, as if they had been through a great deal; as if they had just come from the dentist and had three more visits ahead of them.

And of course they *have* been through a great deal. But is it that that makes them look so sad? Is it all those buttons and burring tones and things? Is it that they *never* get through to the right person? Or is it that all the people who use these boxes have particularly sad and discouraging lives? I have pondered long upon these questions of late and can give no definite answer. I have been yachting again; and as I boated up and down the Metropolis I have had to keep in touch with my stockbroker, book-maker, banker, estate-agent, solicitor, tax-collector and family by means of public telephone-boxes at riverside railway-stations. I have spent a long time surveying those rows of hunched shoulders in the little glass tanks and wondering how the poor fish inside were prospering. For whenever I want to telephone to my tax-collector all the boxes are full. All four of them. Sometimes all six of them. The P.M.G. must be rolling in money. You have no idea how popular this public dialling is. Try to telephone at Westminster Station during the lunch-hour and you'll see what I mean. There's a regular, or rather an irregular, queue. Over the tanks is a notice urging people who are waiting to telephone not to obstruct the passage to the ticket barrier. And the ticket barrier is yards away. (On my day we never looked like obstructing the said passage.) From which I deduce that on many days there is quite an ugly rush of diallers.

And the *time* they spend in the tanks! Honestly, after five days' observation I have come to the conclusion

that a lot of citizens go into these boxes just to have a quiet six minutes. Why not? After all, they are sound-proof—the boxes—more or less. And when you come to think of it, they are almost the only part of our great Metropolis which are sound-proof. How many inhabitants of London are left who can say that their homes are free from disturbing noise? Only the happy fish in the Aquarium—and these poor guests of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. In this place only are heard no motor-honks, gramophones, mechanical drills, loud-speakers, paper-bags, public speakers, husbands, jazz-bands, wives, aeroplanes, children, sopranos, duns, bosses or telephone-bells. Here only is peace—save for the soft note of the "burring" sound (the dialling tone), the low-pitched "Burr-burr—Burr-burr" (the ringing tone), the interrupted high-pitched buzz (meaning "Line engaged"), or the continuous high-pitched buzz (meaning "Number unobtainable"). A tired man may lean against a solid object and soothe himself with these sounds (or some of them) for only twopence—and then (by pressing Button B) get all his money back. He may walk out as rich as before in money and richer in mind by six minutes of quiet. No one can get at him while he is in the tank (for six minutes), though they can glare at him (as men have glared at me) through the glass. And where else in our teeming City can a man be so very nearly private for six whole minutes?

Perhaps this hypothesis explains the spiritual expression on the faces of those who come out. They have suddenly found peace and quiet, and it has upset them. Probably all the men in the Westminster tank are Ministers or Members of Parliament taking six minutes off.

But let us assume that some people really do go into these telephoning-places with the idea of telephoning. And that brings us back to our starting-point—the intellectual *strain* of the thing. I have had a university education, have been through (part of) the Great War, and am steeped in *savoir faire* and things; and after five days I fancy I have mastered public dialling. But when I think of a young country miss, making her first appearance in the capital and doing her first public dial to her beloved Bert, I take off my hat to her—that is, if she gets through to Bert. The things that poor girl has to study and remember and, concentrating, do! Concentrating perhaps in a high state of emotional agitation. All those little maps of dials and miles of instructions and alarming capitals! A

girl who studied the directions conscientiously before action would find that her six minutes were up long before she began business. And there is that wart of a man glaring through the glass; and Bert goes out for his bit of dinner at one; so (if she is anything like me) she plunges madly into action, uncertain still whether one puts the two pennies in first or lifts the receiver—and does it matter? And then, how is a poor girl to know the difference between the low-pitched "Burr-burr" (indicating that her number is being rung) and the interrupted high-pitched buzz (meaning the line is engaged)—that is, if she has not heard either of them before? For high and low are relative terms, and she can't tell what the P.M.G.'s idea of a low note is until she has heard his idea of a high one. I, even I, with my university education and experience of bombs, have been sharply rebuked by the operator because for many minutes I patiently listened to what I took to be a low-pitched interrupted whizzing sound (meaning that my loved one was being rung for me) when all the time it was a high-pitched zooming noise (indicating that some rat of a rival was in conversation with her). And even now I don't admit that the note is *high*—not according to my standards—about B Flat. But then I'm a tenor. And probably this poor girl is a soprano.

However, at last (at the third or fourth attempt) she is over the first five hurdles. The voice, the beloved voice of Bert is heard. Imagine the poor girl's agitation! They have not met for months; and she is not at all sure that he really loves her. There have been rumours about a blonde. And at that thrilling, anxious, difficult moment, love, pride, jealousy and fear raging in her heart, words bubbling on her tongue or stiffly refusing to bubble, the poor girl is expected to remember to *press Button A*! I ask you, P.M.G., how can this poor girl (her name is Mary) be expected to remember to press Button A? Mary can hear Bert clearly, but Bert can only hear a faint, far-off burbling sound. The whole thing is too poignant. What happens? Bert rings off in disgust, not knowing much about Button A himself, and poor Mary has to start again. But, having failed to press Button A, does she now (still more agitated, remember) press Button B and get her money back? Too often, I believe, *she doesn't*. For I have been told that there is a cult of wicked men (called "Button B'ers") who prowl from box to box and collect the coppers which have been left behind by poor Mary and me and those like us. And



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"IF YOU'RE SO FOND OF THE GOLDFISH, RUBY, WHY DON'T YOU COME DOWN AND HELP ME TO LOOK FOR THEM?"



"'E NO MAKE DE BITE, LADY. 'E NO GOTTA DE TEETH."

thus they make a living. This again might explain why all the boxes are always full.

Do not think, P.M.G., that I decry your grand machinery. It is ingenious and good. And when my number is engaged and I remember to press Button B I feel far more than the satisfaction of one who has got his money back; I feel that I have *made* money—a fine feeling. Moreover, I feel, as a rule, that I have avoided a conversation which was probably unnecessary and might only have caused more complications in the world than there are already. Button A is terrible; but Button B is a grand button; and without Button A there would be no Button B—I see that.

Only, in case poor Mary should ever get through and conduct an actual conversation with Bert, I do feel there should be yet another button (C), which, when pressed, would provide her with some little certificate of good character and skill, if it were only a printed card saying simply: "Well done!"

A. P. H.

### "Weather Forecast: To-night and To-morrow . . ."

(A Blue-nose Ballad.)

OH, Hendon heights are hoary  
And Cricklewood is chill,  
And bleak the biting breezes blow  
O'er windy Winchmore Hill.  
At Golders Green the gaping gulls  
Pipe piercingly for orts,  
And Hampstead Heath with hes and  
skis  
Goes wild on winter sports.

At Regent's Park the Polars  
No longer pine for home,  
And cease to dream of Arctic isles  
Lapped by the frozen foam.  
"See Britain First!" their slogan is  
As in the snow they roll;  
"Why go abroad while here we have  
The Pleasures of the Pole?"

"AN OLD ESSEX VILLAGE CHARITY.  
COOKING ACCOUNTS IN THE SIXTEENTH  
CENTURY."—Church Paper.

And still a popular pastime in the  
twentieth century.

### The Tireless Hunter.

"It is more blessed," quoted Needham in his solemn expository tones, "to give than to receive."

This is the kind of remark that as a rule meets with no response: an axiom with the added authority of Holy Writ behind it.

But Fillery does not allow trifles like scriptural inspiration to stand in his way when a personal experience might be unloaded.

"True and beautiful," he remarked, "although not perhaps a popular idea, especially among the young. But its truth is spiritual. I can give you an example of its literal veracity too. It occurred only last Christmas."

"I hope it's not a long story," said Needham, looking at his watch. "I've got—"

"No," said Fillery, "quite short and worth hearing. I shall neither condense it nor extend it. After all, you brought it on yourself by being a platitudinarian."

We composed ourselves to listen.  
"This last Christmas," Fillery con-

tinued, "I was in bed in a nursing-home."

"Not a bad place to be," said someone, "for millionaires."

"Exactly," he replied, "and I got away as soon as I could. But being there, such Christmas presents as an old fogey still gets had to be forwarded or brought to me; and most of my visitors brought something. I mean, in addition to flowers. Among these visitors was an old friend, a woman, with whom I have been in the habit of exchanging gifts for years and years. We do not see each other very often, but we never forget the important anniversaries—her birthday, my birthday, and Christmas."

"What about St. Valentine's Day?" someone asked.

"No longer," said Fillery. "In the past, yes, but no longer. Well, she came up to my room on Christmas Eve, and after we had had tea—"

"An extra?" some one remarked.

"Yes, an extra," said Fillery—"she drew from her bag a little parcel done up in tissue-paper. 'I have brought your present myself,' she said, 'because it's such a special one. 'He's so ill,' I said to myself, 'that this Christmas he shall have something of the most incredible perfection—'"

"Seeing," I interrupted," said Fillery, "that he probably won't live to have another."

"No," she said, "not at all. Just because you're in bed and unhappy. Something very, very special."

"I hadn't the heart to tell her that I'd rather be in a nursing-home at Christmas than anywhere else, except on the Equator. I just lay there like a sawney spaniel lapping it up."

"So I hunted all over London," she went on. "I went to all the best old curiosity-shops. I went to Bond Street, to King Street, to Beauchamp Place—everywhere. What the assistants thought of me I daren't even guess, I was so particular. And I saw some lovely things too; but not good enough for you. "No," I said, "he's the most fastidious, difficult man in the world." But at last I found what I wanted—I forget where, in Vigo Street, I fancy—something absolutely right. Exactly your taste. And here it is."

"With these words she handed me the precious package."

"How true it is that those who tell untruths should have long and exact memories! I unrolled the tissue-paper with great care and found inside it the jade-and-silver box which I had hunted London for and found and given to this same friend five years earlier."

"You didn't let her know?" we all exclaimed.



"TELL JAMES TO BRING ROUND THE BIG CAR."

"I'M AFRAID MISS JOAN HAS TAKEN IT OUT, SIR."

"HOW ABOUT THE SEVEN?"

"MASTER RONALD HAS GOT IT OUT, SIR, AND MASTER ERIC HAS GONE OFF ON YOUR BICYCLE."

"THEN IF NOBODY IS WEARING MY BOOTS BRING THOSE."

"No," he replied. "I can lie too. I said I'd never seen anything so delicious, and that now, as the owner of it, I could die happy." E. V. L.

### Pepys : A Pronouncement.

(It is asserted that in his own day the name of the *Diarist* was pronounced "Pips").

FROM *Peepiz* first the usual steps  
Take us from *Peppiz* on to *Peps*;

Then slowly on the mind there creeps  
The firm conviction: It is *Peeps*.

Yet certain quibblers, still not pleased,  
Have now once more the orange squeezed.

But who with sense upon his lips  
Will take the final product: *Pips*?

"I want to be an actress and go on the stage," said a schoolgirl in answer to an examination question. Why both?



## Danger Ahead.

SOMEBODY in Ohio has invented a machine that registers thoughts and emotions. (And writes them down, no doubt, on a little writing-pad.)

Of course this is not entirely a new idea. If you know your WAGNER well (or even if you don't), *Siegfried* accomplished the same scientific feat by the rather questionable practice of licking the dragon's blood. He could then understand what everyone was thinking while they were saying something quite different. But apart from the doubtful hygiene of such a habit—for you never know what dragons have been eating—it would obviously be extremely difficult to put this beverage on a commercial basis owing (it is believed) to the scarcity of dragons at the present time. So somebody in Ohio has to invent a machine.

It is only fair that the public should realise what the installation of this device will mean to the homes of England. Supposing you could decipher the thoughts of your mother-in-law, or your dearest friend, or even, to take a less acid relationship, of a neighbour, it would be no use Mrs. X saying to you, "Darling, you look lovely in that peach of a frock," because what your psychograph, or whatever it will be called would register is: "You look a good five years older than me, and that frock is obviously four-and-a-half guineas off the peg, so I can afford to gush a bit." And if when pretty little Mrs. Y turns up looking much too frail and protectable in "some soft clinging material" you attempt to keep her in her place by saying, "My dear, what have you been doing to yourself? You look quite robust and two shades fatter," she will merely, by the aid of her platinum wrist-psychograph, interpret your speech as, "Of course you would wear billowy white just when I've put on rather a hearty-looking red. I'm afraid the men will think you appealing and all that, but hands off my husband or there'll be trouble," and she will triumph accordingly.

With men of course it will not produce quite such devastating results, as they are not so prone to dissimulation. But it should be interesting to mark

the result of a host understanding his guest to say, "I do object to being given Invalid Port when I know you have '08 in the cellar"; or a car-dealer whose thoughts register, "If only I can keep him from looking at the carburettor!" Husbands of course will not be in the least affected. Their wives say what they think of them anyhow.

The next step, I suppose, will be to extend the scope of this infernal machine to include letters, and we shan't even be safe on paper. On receipt of a letter like this, for instance:—

DEAR MRS. SMETHWICK,—It would be so nice if you would let your Hughie come to tea with John and Angela on Friday. The children are

Mrs. Barton reads this through once, submits it to her pocket-psychograph (or baby-psyke) and re-reads it as follows:—

I am accepting your rather tame invitation because the more we keep in touch with the Davenports the more likely Sir Guy will be to ask George to shoot again this year. I hope you won't find out that I don't really call Lady Davenport by her Christian name; and if your hulking John gets rough with my darling Hughie again I shall be very, very angry.

The result of it all would be a severed friendship, and Mrs. Barton would see to it that George was never asked to shoot again.

Altogether it looks as though the whole structure of human intercourse was menaced by this Ohio thunderbolt. For the sake of the shattered homes, broken politicians and murdered Test cricketers which it will bring in its wake I charge the inventor, in the name of mercy, to give up science and start a tomato-farm.

## A Sign of Spring.

THE little lad, the little lass,

The whip, the top, the rope—

They come before the daffodil

Shines golden on a London sill,

A pledge of undefeated will  
And undeferring hope.

The lad that whips his top amain,  
The lass that skims the twine—  
The flashing arm, the leaping feet  
Make frescoes on the London street

More lovely than a lot you'll meet  
In May "above the line."

The barrel-organ's hard to find,  
The dancing bear is gone;  
But thank the stars that in our day

We've 'Erb and Emily at play  
From Hammersmith to Harringay,  
From Barnes to Islington.

Oh, roller-skates may be a boon  
(If only you've a pair!),  
But lads that have a top and whip  
And lasses with a rope to skip  
Will always show a laughing lip  
Along the thoroughfare.



Customer. "YOU SEEM HIGHLY DELIGHTED THAT I'VE CHOSEN THIS TIE; IS THERE ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH IT?"

Temporary Assistant. "NO, MADAM, IT'S A PERFECTLY GOOD TIE; ONLY THE MANAGEMENT PROMISED ME THAT IF I SOLD IT THEY'D GIVE ME A PERMANENT POSITION HERE."

so fond of him, and Lady Davenport's little Joyce is coming.

Yours sincerely,  
PAMELA BURTON.

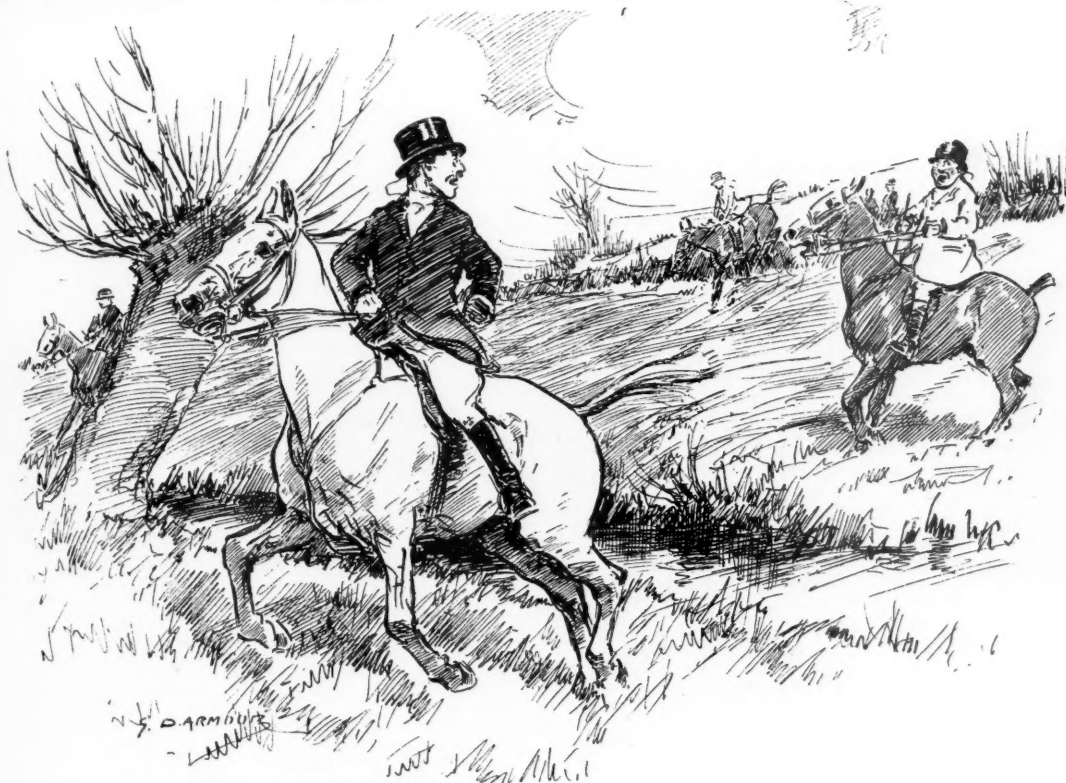
you would merely switch the psychograph on and interpret it thus:—

I don't really care for your anæmic little brat, but my husband wants me to keep in with you because your husband is useful in giving him a lift to the golf-links; and I've asked Lady Davenport to show that, though poor, we do know the right people.

You then reply:—

DEAR MRS. BARTON,—Hughie will love to come to tea, and it is sweet of you to ask him. It will be delightful for him to meet May Davenport's daughter, who, I hear, is as pretty as her mother was when I first knew her.

Yours sincerely,  
ROSALIND SMETHWICK.



"AREN'T YOU COMING OVER?"

"NO FEAR! I NEVER JUMP WATER UNLESS THERE'S A 'W' IN THE MONTH."

### A Suggestion for the Upper House.

THE Peers seem to me to have more fun than anybody. At present they are toying with a pretty little Bill to handicap the dangerous motorist, and if it becomes law there will be added to the already complex anatomy of the motor-car a machine which will record on a chart the exact speed at which the car is travelling.

And very nice too. I question the ordinary constable's ability to interpret at sight a graph resembling a sectional map of the Himalayas, but that is a trifling objection; and if such phrases as "My Risotto does nine miles to the inch," and "Fancy running out of parchment in the middle of Piccadilly!" are soon to be heard, we shall quickly learn to embrace them with the rest of our nauseating garage vocabulary.

No, I do not cavil. But it does occur to me that while the Lords are about it they may as well round off a decent job and include in this Bill the two refinements which I have long been urging on our road-reformers. This is surely the very moment for their intro-

duction, in a Bill whose first consideration is clearly not expense.

They have the advantage of extreme simplicity. One is a small cinematograph camera on the roof of the car, mounted on a short stand so as to cover the road immediately in front. The other is a dictaphone with a sensitive receiver on the dashboard.

Both these instruments will be set in motion automatically by any sudden violent pressure on the foot-brake—the sort of pressure which every driver instinctively applies when faced by an emergency which is likely to lead to an accident.

You follow? If a camera and a dictaphone were fitted to every car there could then never be the slightest doubt as to the guilty party. There would be no more angry scenes, no more measuring of skids, no more idle bickering with the constabulary, for irrefutable evidence would already have been taken. And a saner era of motoring would ensue.

I picture that things would work out like this:—

Chairman of Magistrates. H'm. The Bench has now seen and listened to all

the relevant evidence. The speed-graphs show that when the accident occurred the man Bunn was driving at 65 m.p.h., while the creature Merry-whistle was only going at 25 m.p.h.; the film (which struck me as unusually exciting) shows Merrywhistle to have been on his proper side and Bunn to have pursued an erratic course on a side to which he had no possible right; and, if this evidence were not sufficient, we have heard from the dictaphone Mrs. Bunn's illuminating remark: "You big stiff, I told you you'd had too much!" The maximum penalties will therefore be enforced.

Isn't this a really constructive idea at last? ERIC.

### The Thick End of the Menu.

"We give to-day a description of the heavy section of the British Industries Fare at Birmingham."—*Provincial Paper.*

### Things Which Might Have Been Left Unsaid.

"TIVERTON HOSPITAL EXTENSION.

... It gives a new up-to-date kitchen, which will enable patients to be prepared and served in a way that has not been possible in the past."—*Local Paper.*



## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

*Modiste.* "THESE ARE TWO OF OUR LATEST ENSEMBLES, EITHER OF WHICH SHOULD SUIT MADAM'S STYLE. THIS WE HAVE NAMED 'PULSE PALPITOR,' AND THE OTHER LITTLE MODEL IS 'BLITHESOME BINGE.'"

## "This Romantic Age."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Among the many words that are daily misemployed or overworked, have you noticed how little rest is given to the word "Romance"? As thus:—

## "SAUSAGE-MAKER'S ROMANCE."

We are able exclusively to announce that Mr. John Bags, the wealthy Sausage King, is shortly to wed Miss Christina



MR. BAGS.



MISS CRACKLING.

Crackling, daughter of the famous millionaire Pork Butcher. Mr. Bags is sixty-two and Miss Crackling fifty-one."

\* \* \*

## "ROMANCE OF A SANITARY INSPECTOR."

Mr. Gardeloo Malodor, Cesspoole Harbour's popular Sanitary Inspector, is about to be joined in romance-lock



MR. MALODOR.



MRS. TAPE-MEASURES.

to Mrs. Cynthia Tape-Measures, widow of the Borough's well-known surveyor of that name."

## "FILM STAR'S ROMANCE."

The somewhat prolonged disputes between the interested parties' solicitors on the subject of Romance Settlements having now come to a happy termination by sensible com-



MR. VAN WINKLE.



MISS FLASH.

promise, lovely Miss Ivy Flash is to marry Mr. Methuselah Van Winkle next week. This is the fourth time Miss Flash has been Romantic, and it is Mr. Van Winkle's sixth venture into the bonds of holy Romance."

\* \* \*

But why not go further?

## "BROKEN ROMANCE."

We are able exclusively to state that the Romance exclusively announced by us as having been arranged and shortly about to be solemnized between Mr. James Pledge and Miss Jean Bond will not take place."

Why not "Births, Romances and Deaths"?

Or, "The Romance Cake was provided by Messrs. Blizards, confectioners"?

Or, "The Romance Presents consisted of, etc."?

Finally, in place of the word "Divorce," with its unpleasant associations, why not place the final straw on the back of our overworked word by speaking of "The Romance Courts"?

Yours sincerely,

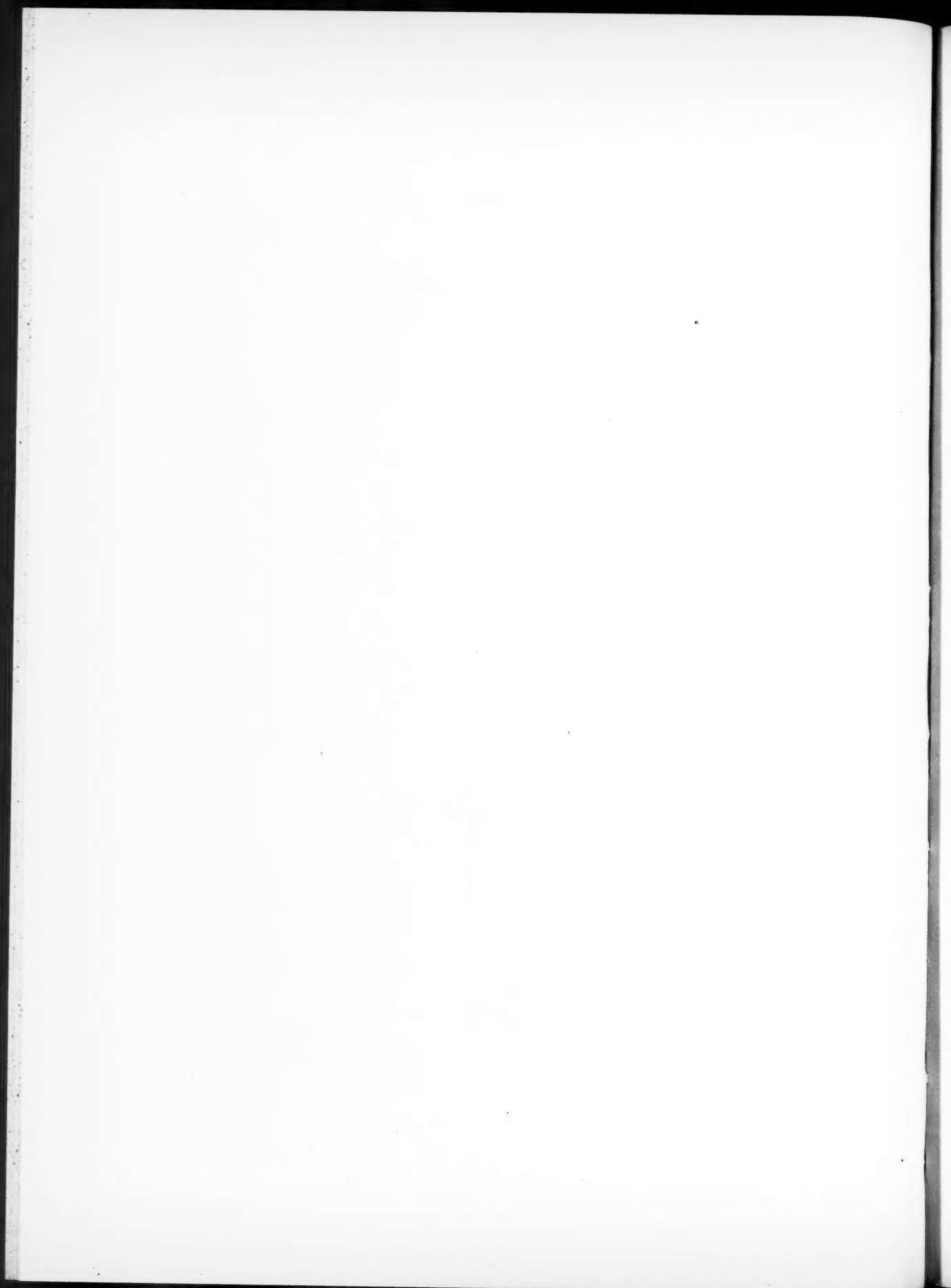
H. K. W.





### THE RED PERIL.

THE OLD CONSUL (to HITLER). "THIS IS A HEAVEN-SENT OPPORTUNITY, MY LAD. IF YOU CAN'T BE A DICTATOR NOW, YOU NEVER WILL BE."



### Essence of Parliament.

*Monday, February 27th.*—A Commons' debate on the crisis in the Far East might not by itself have drawn a full House.

It was the knowledge that the Government would seize the occasion to announce an embargo on the export of munitions to the Far Eastern combatants that filled the House and the Galleries to overflowing.

Mr. LANSBURY, having announced that his Party was neither pro-Chinese nor pro-Japanese and expressed a pious hope that this country would remain friends with both the combatants, proceeded to shout excited condemnation of Japan for half-an-hour or so.

Sir JOHN SIMON echoed the hope, but went on to show how uninstructed was the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION's artless assumption that they were dealing with a drama in which the blackness of the Japanese villain was only equalled by the whiteness of the Chinese victim. The House really did not mind about what Mr. LANSBURY thought, but it was more concerned with what Sir JOHN SIMON might be thinking or might have persuaded the Government to think, and it breathed an almost audible sigh of relief when Sir JOHN made it clear that the British Government had no intention whatever of taking sides or of being drawn into the Oriental fray.

"I am," he said, "enough of a pacifist to take this view: That however we handle this matter, I do not intend my own country to get into conflict about it." "Into immediate conflict" would perhaps have been more accurate.

As to the embargo on the shipment of arms to either belligerent (modified by respect for all contracts already entered into), Sir JOHN was more convincing in his argument that this was a neutral gesture than that it was an intelligent one. His plea that it was the high-minded thing to do was far more logical than his expectation that it would be a useful one. Even his claim that the embargo was a neutral effort was slightly vitiated by a desire to base it on the Committee of Nineteen's Report as well as on the Government's proud desire to give the other nations what is called a "lead."

As to the effectiveness of the thing, quite the most impressive part of the FOREIGN SECRETARY's speech was that in which he explained the hopelessness of trying to stop arms from reaching belligerents by international agreement.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL agreed with

the Government's action but regretted that the steps taken would be more likely to injure Chinese than Japanese interests. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN "rejoiced" that the FOREIGN SECRETARY had sought to obtain interna-



A CHAMPION OF JAPAN.  
MR. AMERY.

tional action. Mr. AMERY pointed out that arms embargos in war-time gave a big advantage to the nation that kept the biggest supply of armaments in time of peace. He also stated that if China had got involved in a disastrous



A JOB FOR AH JOSH.

COLONEL WEDGWOOD SUGGESTS THAT AS THE CHINESE ARE UNFIT TO GOVERN THEMSELVES THEY SHOULD SURRENDER THEIR AUTONOMY EITHER TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS OR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

IF REPAIRS ARE WANTED WHY NOT WEDGWOOD FOR CHINA?

struggle with Japan it was because the League of Nations had "put a chair for her to sit on and then pulled it away." Colonel WEDGWOOD said the Chinese Government was a terror to every Chinese. They should surrender their autonomy to the League of Nations,

Great Britain or the United States, and so avoid being put upon by the Japanese.

So Members continued to say their say, each according to his prejudices but mostly with a pronounced anti-Japanese bias, as might be expected, a notable exception being Sir N. SANDEMAN, who declared that he was pro-Japanese because he believed that they would quickly settle the row in Manchuria, and some sort of settlement was the one thing that the average Chinaman really wants.

"We are all getting rather tired of the League of Nations," declared the Member for Middleton and Prestwick impiously, amid cries of "No!" from the outraged internationalists, who much preferred Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS' reference to the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S "fine gesture," though not perhaps his hope, that when it comes to international action the embargo will be against Japan alone.

In reply, Sir JOHN contented himself largely with hoping that his announcement had cleared away many misunderstandings.

*Tuesday, February 28th.*—Lords' debates on unemployment lack some of the instructed spontaneity of their deliberations on foreign or Imperial affairs. By general consent the lead in such debates is left to the Bishops. To-day it was the Bishop of WINCHESTER who moved for Papers. His concern was not so much with the larger question of finding employment, but with the provision of training, instruction and occupation for workers, especially for juvenile workers; and he wanted to know whether the Government was doing anything about the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Unemployment.

The PRIMATE and the Bishops of ELY and ROCHESTER all took the view that even if trade revived it would be in a form that left a large permanent body of unemployed to be dealt with, and they urged the Government to begin dealing now. Lord MELCHETT agreed—optimistically. Think of all the leisure people were going to have in the future! But the Government must teach the public how to make use of its leisure.

The day when only the House of Lords "does nothing, and does it very well," is definitely gone.

Lord ROCHESTER said the Government was "fully alive" to the situation. It was also "leaving no stone unturned" to cope with it. Its only ultimate hope, however, was a revival of industrial prosperity. Not a very impressive programme, but doubtless enough to keep their Lordships calm.



On the Second Reading of the Austrian Loan Bill Lord PONSONBY described the measure as "picking up the pieces" for the Bank of England. Lord READING, however, repudiated the unworthy suggestion that that by no means inexpert picker-up of unconsidered pieces, the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, had lent money to Austria for the paltry six to ten per cent. interest that was in it. Quite so, agreed Lord NEWTON. The Bill, which had no friends anywhere, was politics, not economics.

In the Commons the question of a racehorse brought into this country from Ireland and alleged to have been grossly undervalued for the purpose of evading Customs duty gave Mr. HORE-BELISHA an opportunity for a consummate display of Ministerial evasiveness. After holding Messrs. BERNAYS, BUCHANAN and ROTHSCHILD at verbal bay for some minutes, the MINISTER "hoped that if it should be necessary to take any action public opinion would be fully satisfied."

The House went into Committee on Rural Housing.

*Wednesday, March 1st.*—In defending the London Transport Bill, which came up for its Second Reading in the Lords to-day, Lord LONDONDERRY rather ingenuously stressed the importance of the tramways, which, he said, their Lordships might be inclined to regard as an anachronism. It seems more likely, however, that their Lordships' detestation of motor-cars has bred a corresponding appreciation for a form of public vehicle that is prevented in the nature of things from leaving the rails and chasing them back to the kerb with shouts of "Yah!"

The AIR MINISTER also stressed the fact that the Bill, though Socialistic in origin, has been "purged of Socialism" and was no more "Nationalisation" than the Metropolitan Water Board.

This plea by no means turned away the wrath of Lord BANBURY, who roundly declared that the Metropolitan Water Board had only resulted in people paying more for their water and not getting any better water. The Bill would result in the nationalisation of the whole transport of the country. As for the financial proposals, they were sheer robbery of the private investor.

Lord MOUNT-TEMPLE also found the Bill irretrievably Socialistic. London traffic was working very smoothly; why interfere with it? Lord CLANWILLIAM said he would later move his Amendment to refer the Bill to a Select Committee. Lords KINNOULL (who is for nationalising everything and everybody, with the possible ex-

ception of Lord BANBURY, who would be retained as the awful example of what private enterprise can lead to), RADNOR, MONCK and STANLEY OF ALDERLEY having supported the Bill, the debate was adjourned.

We are all afraid of the Greeks and their bringing of gifts, but it is nothing to the apprehensions that seize Sir NICHOLAS GRATTAN-DOYLE when they fail to bring the annual instalment of interest. It appeared from Sir JOHN SIMON's answer that the annual payments, of which that for 1932 is overdue, have been going on since 1860. As international debts stands nowadays this looks more like a case for congratulation than for complaint.

On the question of fish for the Navy



TANTALISING.  
MR. BOULTON.

Lord STANLEY assured Mr. BURNETT that British fish bought in the open market appeared frequently in Naval menus. As Mr. BURNETT was primarily concerned with the fishing industry, the Ministry refrained from pointing out that fishing-bees are also very popular in the fo'c'sle. For the Army, Mr. DUFF COOPER said it would not be popular to replace meat by fish as a standard ration. It is well known that the only sea-product the Army has any use for is a Lobster.

"Is the MINISTER aware?" asked Mr. LOVAT-FRASER, "that the Noise Abatement Committee of New York has done much to check transport noises in that city?" Mr. STANLEY, who has no intention of spoiling the Anglo-American *entente* by admitting that New York is not the Big Noise

it was, had no information on the matter. He added that experiments looking to the establishment of a standard type of motor-horn were not likely to have useful results. Obviously, since it is a motor-horn that makes the type of noise you don't expect that makes nippier pedestrians.

Sir JOHN SIMON was asked a question about the small British share of allocated contracts for the new Palace of the Nations at Geneva. "Would it not be a funny building?" asked Captain CROOKSHANK, "if it were built in proportion to the contributions paid by all the nations of the world?" Sir JOHN did not reply. Perhaps he thinks it *will* be a funny building.

Mr. BOULTON'S Private Member's Motion that taxes are too high commanded much sympathy, including Mr. BALDWIN's, but provoked little in the way of ameliorative suggestion. He himself urged the Government to knock one-and-sixpence off the income-tax and a bit more off beer, but did not explain what precise economies were to enable this to be done. Sir J. WARDLAW-MILNE, who seconded, had the happy idea of saving a bit of money by scrapping the entire Navy and building a new one. Mr. COVE, moving an Amendment, "said the sanctity of balanced Budgets had gone"—a manifest misinterpretation of the fact that it is the Socialist Government, which refused to balance its Budget, that has gone. Mr. LAMBERT took occasion to do a little hero-worshipping at the shrine of Mr. GLADSTONE, but fell foul of Mr. LANSBURY. "I think Mr. GLADSTONE was the greatest financier this country ever produced," said Mr. LAMBERT fiercely. "He was the greatest—well, never mind," replied Mr. LANSBURY mildly.

Mr. BALDWIN accepted the Motion, the Amendment and everything that had been said (except Mr. LAMBERT's suggestion that finance control should be handed over to the House of Lords), regretted that he could not steal any of the absent CHANCELLOR's budgetary thunder, but admitted that no substantial economies were in sight. The only hope was a revival of trade, which would not reduce taxation but would make it hurt less. Let them go forward bravely—to the World Economic Conference.

#### Gangsters at Play.

"Richards broke through, cleverly dribbling the ball over the line, but he was bumped off by Robinson."—*Local Paper.*

#### "BEETLES IN THE STEEPLE."

*Daily Paper.*

Bats in the Belfry somehow sounds more polite.



*Man-eating Tiger (to his child). "DON'T TOUCH IT, WILLIE. IT'S NOT THE EDIBLE VARIETY."*

### "The Gasper."

It would be an ungrateful act of Mr. Punch not to say a word of farewell to a contemporary merryman who has just died and who was not so much younger than the old man himself. To the present generation ARTHUR ROBERTS, who was born in 1853, is but a name, a legend, but to the London of the 'seventies and 'eighties and 'nineties, when the little man was at the top of his form, that name carried with it something like magic: the little man with the fluttering eyelids, the agile eyebrows, the staccato speech of an incredible readiness, and hands that were also words.

Even more than the possessor of these attributes was he the little man with the gay audacious eyes. In those orbs burned the light not of battle but of mischief and mirth; they challenged, they sympathised (at any rate with the naughty), they glowed, above all they snapped and sparkled. Every one in the audience believed himself—and herself—to be receiving specially one of those intimate and understanding glances, glances that were almost a conspiracy. It was these marvellous eyes, as much as anything, that caused Englishmen on the frontiers of Empire dreaming of leave, to cherish but one purpose, and that was to go to see

ARTHUR ROBERTS on their first London night.

Parts were written for ARTHUR ROBERTS, usually by H. B. FARNIE, but he did not worry about them, using them merely as a foundation for improvised structures of his own. No comedian ever had such a charter. Names were given to the parts he played, but it was always ARTHUR ROBERTS; and sooner or later in every rôle he did what was expected of him, always, at the end of each Act, with half the principals and half the chorus on one crooked arm and the other half on the other, stampeding up to the footlights and back again, and then up again, in a riot of triumph. "There's nothing like him!" the audience agreed, and the audience was right. Other funny men have been and will be, but a drop of nervous fluid was there, a diabolical impishness, an unfailing alertness, not to be found again.

Six or seven years ago I sat down with the "GASPER," as in his heyday he used to be called, in a seaside hotel to a session which began after dinner and was prolonged till the small hours, when he re-created some of his most triumphant *tours de force*—his monologue as a Frenchman, speaking a French all his own, as like the real thing as could be but without a vestige of syntax; holding forth as an Irishman on the wrongs of his country; arrang-

ing, with a mouthful of imaginary hairpins, his coiffure, exactly as a nervous elderly spinster might do it. His eyes may not have had all the ancient sparkle, but they were hardly dimmed, the old Adam still glinting in them; his voice may have lost definition, but the brain behind it was still nimble. As for those vocal hands, they were the same as ever. One could see in this tireless lonely little old man, for all his seventy and more years, the personification of the droll, the wag, the incorrigible *enfant terrible*, the undefeatable quiz.

It is hard when the idols of the young pass into neglect and decay. This was the magnet that had not only drawn the town night after night, but had set the pace, and a very fast one, had coined the slang phrase of his time, had performed after the curtain was down a thousand pranks. For ARTHUR ROBERTS was not of the histrionic school that goes home to bed; new life entered into him with the dawn. Even on the night I have referred to he was postponing the dreary retiring rite by every device he could invent. I hope that now, at last, he sleeps well.

E. V. L.

A recent American wedding was filmed, broadcast and gramophone-records were taken. We feel that this represents a real attempt to make the thing binding.

### Fame.

ONE'S first impulse on being approached (technical expression for "asked") by *The Literary Peep*—a journal with an enormous circulation—in regard to the publication of a photograph was to reply modestly that there must have been a mistake. Someone had blundered. Charles, it afterwards came out, actually did hold that view and went on holding it to the end.

Well, of course I know about people not being prophets in their own country. It's one of the very first things, as a matter of fact, that any novelist gets to know. But I did feel absolutely that *The Literary Peep* was ill-advised in suggesting that I should be photographed in my own home with what it prettily called my own little circle all round me.

The reactions of my own little circle to this inspiration would have given *The Literary Peep* something of a shock I dare swear. Moreover, as if my own little circle wouldn't have been quite ghastly enough all by itself, it was further augmented by the presence of my dear little friend Laura, who was staying with us, and by the children's holiday-governess, called Miss Lee.

The whole of the photograph scheme came out at lunch-time in the presence of everybody owing to a telephone-call which *The Literary Peep* put through with insane extravagance from London.

The telephone is in the dining-room. I never have thought and never shall think that this is a good place for it to be.

My endeavours to confine my side of the conversation to utterly non-committal phrases like, "Yes, I see," and "Oh, of course," and "No, certainly not; I'd infinitely rather be boiled alive in oil" were not successful. For the only time in their lives, Charles, Laura, the children, Miss Lee, the cat, the dog and the canary maintained the most death-like silence throughout the whole conversation.

Not so much as a stewed-prune-stone clattered into a plate, or, more likely in the case of my son, just beside a plate on to the mahogany.

When I hung up the receiver and went back to my place perfectly, perfectly calm—if anything almost too much so—the rather tense silence was broken by Laura, one of whose very greatest faults is facetiousness.

"I am never so entirely myself," she remarked with a good many inverted commas in her voice, "as when I have my little ones all round me."

"Or why not: 'My little cooking-stove is one of my greatest pleasures.

No one but myself is allowed to make my husband's favourite sponge-cake'?" said Charles, also in inverted commas and not even being original. (Besides, the reference to sponge-cake was definitely ungrateful, because the trouble I had taken over making it had been practically commensurate with its extraordinary unsuccess when made, which is saying a good deal.)

Miss Lee naturally did not add her mite to the witticisms of Charles and Laura, but she appeared to be more amused by them than I thought necessary.

The children, on receiving from me a simple and straightforward explanation of the situation, respectively said: "Oh, do have Yo-Yo [the dog] and Fauntleroy [the cat] photographed too" (Laura's muttered addition, "My pets mean so much to me," I disregarded practically completely); and "Why do they want a photograph of you, Mummie?"

I gave no immediate answer to the last question, partly because neither time nor place was suitable and partly—almost mostly—because I could not think of one.

Later on I made it clear that the photograph, if any, would be taken in the local photographer's studio, and that I thought some things were better done quite without help, particularly from one's own little circle.

Miss Lee was very kind about packing my brush and comb, powder-puff and new black-and-white striped evening-dress into a little case.

"Oh, shall you be done in your zebra?" said Laura, and her intonation conveyed that the results of such a step ought to be a perfect riot of clean wholesome Girl-Guide fun.

I drove quietly away—as quietly at least as I could get the car to go.

I went to the car-park that is invariably privileged to receive my Paragon (1921 model) because it has such a nice little slope, and one need only just push and then scramble like mad into the driving-seat, and can avoid all that frightful struggle with the handle, and the self-starter making all those extraordinary and utterly unproductive noises.

We drew up as usual, and I put the brakes on, and the car started down the slope and I forced the gears into reverse and looked for a large stone, and there wasn't one, and so on—everything just as usual.

And then the car-park man—uniform and all—came up to me and suddenly said, quite like that: "And how are your books doing?"

The state of my overdraft notwithstanding, I would gladly at that mo-

ment have paid ten pounds for the sake of having Charles, Laura, the children, Miss Lee, Yo-Yo and Fauntleroy with me so that they could have heard.

"Fame!" I said—probably out loud, because I was completely thrown off my balance.

But in a moment I recovered poise and answered readily but modestly that my books were Going Well.

"How," I added, thinking of all the years throughout which nothing had passed between us except sixpence from me and a curt sound of acknowledgment from him—"how did you know about my books?"

He answered that he had seen A Piece about me in the newspaper. And a photograph. (Taken five years ago, before *The Literary Peep* had come into my life.)

"I thought I reckernised that picture some'ow," said the car-park-keeper, tearing out the customary pink ticket and giving it to me. "D'rectly I sees it I says to meself, 'Now where 'ave I seen that face before?' The answer," he added, moving towards a colossal—and to my mind ostentatious—Moon-beam—"the answer come to me like a flash: 'That's the old Paragon.'"

E. M. D.

### Statues.

A CONTEMPORARY suggests that the unemployed might occupy their minds and hands by cleaning up the statues and monuments that litter our great cities.

Dismissing the obvious argument that most of the statues look better when partially obscured by the dust of ages, and that cleaners of delicate sensibility might easily suffer permanent injury when some stone face more hideous than the rest was suddenly laid bare by the jet of water from a hose, there is a yet more serious objection.

The use of the hose, as any fireman or hosier knows, is a delicate art; and the thought of thousands of the unemployed being equipped with these weapons fills one with horror.

Huggins, returning to H.Q. after his day's work, would report to the foreman.

"Well," the foreman would say, "'ow many statooos 'ave you 'osed to-day?"

"Twenty-nine," the worthy hoser would reply. "I finished up with the statooary group of six genelman in top-'ats outside the 'Ouse of Commons."

"But there ain't no statooary group of six genelman in top-'ats outside the 'Ouse of Commons."

"Ah! then that explains wot all the noise was abaht."





"YOU'LL SING, WON'T YOU, GEORGE?"

"NEVER SANG IN MY LIFE EXCEPT IN CHURCH, AND THEN TWO PEOPLE IN FRONT CHANGED THEIR RELIGION."

### Time in Reverse.

(The forecast early last week described how, in the neighbourhood of Iceland, a depression was "rotating counter-clockwise.")

THOUGH teacups seethe and bubble  
Since Oxford asked for trouble  
By the injudicious wording of a phrase,  
And though no healing potion  
Has quenched the fiery Motion  
Which set the groves of Academe ablaze—  
Beyond a brief and transitory qualm  
My soul retains her customary calm.

When the wilderness of Gobi,  
Far from Equity and ROBEBY,  
Is invaded by the pilgrimage of SHAW,  
And the varied repercussions  
Of his contact with the Russians  
Excite the lesser breeds without the law,  
I am amused, but am not moved to bat  
An eyelid by the aged acrobat.  
But I'm free to make confession  
That when a deep depression,  
Which our scientists have managed to locate  
Close to Iceland, is reported  
To have recently resorted

To a quite abnormal "counter-clockwise" gait—  
The news my equanimity disturbs  
More than the bleating of a million blurbs.

In the "summer-time" of WILLETT I  
Acknowledge great utility—  
Though some have called it sacrilege  
—but when  
Depressions, wildly wheeling,  
Show a counter-clockwise feeling  
Which threatens to demoralise Big Ben,  
The time seems ripe for RUTHERFORD  
OR JEANS  
Or EDDINGTON to tell us what it means.  
C. L. G.

### At the Play.

"IT'S YOU I WANT" (DALY'S).

IT is agreed between that airy bachelor, *Sholto Delaney* (Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS) and his competent confidential man, *Braille* (Mr. H. G. STOKER), that something must be done about *Mrs. Otto Gilbert* (Miss VIOLA TREE). Three months' fishing and the letting of the flat would seem to be indicated. It is not merely that *Mrs. Otto* is a clinger and deplorably deficient in the technique of deception, but more than once of late in the town's restaurants our *Sholto* has seen a pair of exceedingly candid blue eyes looking out of the determined face of a personable young woman in the early twenties. He has his code, and thinks that flight from this new temptation is the only honourable course. Regretfully, in that mood of semi-religious depression that is apt to assail too-experienced bachelors on the wrong side of fifty when the latest adventure has gone sour upon them, he wonders if it has all been worth while. Wouldn't it have been better, some twenty years ago, to have found some such fresh and unspoiled mate for life's difficult journey? The always sympathetic and respectful *Braille* has evidently heard this sort of thing before, and gets on with the packing. It was as a solvent of such difficulties that the salmon was invented.

Enter *Otto* the stockbroker, a gloomy baldpate (Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT), in search, as it happens, of a flat for a young American actress (Miss JOAN CLARKSON); followed shortly by the actress. An intoxicated major of the Indian Army (Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY), in search of his wife (the actress), later blunders in—and this is the material offered by the author, Mr. MAURICE BRADDELL, for the usual game of hide-and-seek.

A fire-escape and five doors (built by Mr. JOHN BRUNSKILL in a frame of, as I should judge, reinforced concrete, else the flat would have fallen about the ears of its disedifying occupants, so vigorously, so often and, I must confess, so tiresomely are they slammed) provide the mechanism of the affair, of which the general tenor can be guessed from these hints.

But Mr. BRADDELL has added a pleasant ingredient to the familiar mixture. The young woman with the candid eyes, *Anne Vernon* (Miss NORA SWINBURNE), having discovered the name, address and much of the previous history of our amiable *Sholto*, presents herself uninvited and bears

down upon him with determined and strictly honourable intentions, though these are not at first quite clear. All of which gives Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS something more to do than what he does so well and with such manifest enjoy-



FLAT-CRASHER COMES TO STAY THE NIGHT.

Anne Vernon . . . MISS NORA SWINBURNE.  
Sholto Delaney . . . MR. SEYMOUR HICKS.

ment on his and our parts—the weaving of fantastically elaborate lies, the bland resourceful extrication of himself and his friends from hopelessly compromising situations.

Anne woos with a will: "It's you I



SWEET FILMLAND FACES.

Rudolf Kammerling . . . MR. HENRY FIELDING.  
Herman Glogauer . . . MR. CHARLES VICTOR.

want—you who'll make an admirable husband because there are no wild oats left for you to sow. Not for me these anemic, inexpert, self-engrossed youths of the day. I want romance." Which little piece of topsy-turvydom (less fantastic, if seriously considered, than it might at first sight appear) gives us a welcome relief from all the scurrings, bangings, romplings, hidings and fallings into dustbins. No one can woo so charmingly upon the stage as this our most accomplished comedian of the French school! To see him parrying wistfully and reluctantly and on a point of honour the impetuous thrusts of this commonsensical romantic, and finally prevailed upon to speed forthwith to the register office (where, unless the law has been altered in the last few days, a surprise awaits the hasty couple) is a very agreeable inversion and diversion.

And how edifying withal after such an unpromising beginning! T.

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME" (QUEEN'S).

Possibly Mr. MOSS HART and Mr. GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, the authors of this highly diverting revue, charade, rag and parable, have at some time attempted in vain to break through the zareba of executives, secretaries, cops and bell-hops surrounding one of Hollywood's Olympian magnates; or they may have been in that batch of highly-paid authors shipped from New York, as the legend goes, clapped into luxurious offices, and thereafter completely forgotten save for the automatic delivery of their pay-envelopes. One feels that some significant personal experience must have sharpened the arrows—or rather weighted the bludgeons of their satire, for subtlety, if one-half of one per cent. we have heard of Hollywood be true, would be obviously out of place.

They take us back five years or so, to the time when the portent of *Sonny Boy* shook the fantastic city to its foundations. Incidentally the question arises: How many of the good-looking and high-steppers can be trusted to utter anything like President's English without shattering the celluloid? Few, thinks a quick-thinking variety artist, hawking a third-rate vaudeville act with two companions in one-horse towns. Here is the chance of a lifetime. Armed with some books on elocution rapidly studied in the train, the three have the miraculous good fortune to bump into the great man, *Herman Glogauer* himself, under Hollywood's central golden pleasure-dome, where the

stars congregate to show their faces, legs, jewels and cavaliers. Before anybody can so much as say, "What do you know about that?" the three adventurers are installed as the official school of elocution with a hastily-mugged-up ritual of rhythmical breathings, abdominal indrawings and chest-poutings, working upon, among others, the two paramount stars of the *Glogauer* disorganisation, who have the bodies of houris, the brains of sea-anemones and the voices of sea-gulls.

But just as, if you happen to be noticed, you can bluff yourself into any job in the golden city, so, if you happen to be noticed a second time, you are pretty certain to be fired. It is not the quick-witted *Jerry Hyland* (Mr. ELLIS IRVING) or the resourceful *May Daniels* (Miss BARBARA FRANCIS) who retrieves the broken fortunes of the trio. It is that utter bonehead and persistent pea-nut consumer, *George Lewis—Doctor Lewis* (Mr. RICHARD CALDICOT)—his companions conferred his doctorate upon him—who saves the day. He is promoted super-director because he can "make decisions." They are always completely fatuous decisions, but the providence that favours idiots stands by him.

This wild riot of significant nonsense is slickly produced. There is not a well-known name in the cast, and, though I think it would be an exaggeration to say that there were no members of it who suggested that they lacked experience, the general impression of skilfully-ordered flurry and muddle, extravagance, vulgarity and ineptitude which was the essence of the affair was admirably conveyed. Mr. CHARLES VICTOR's clever study of the hysterical Hebrew, *Glogauer*, who had rushed into films from the fur business, brilliantly pointed the vicious caricature of the authors. Miss MARGARET HOOD as the suddenly-created star most skilfully conveyed the impression of being positively incapable of understanding the least thing about her part or the veriest rudiments of her technique; Mr. DEREK COTTER acquired merit as the author who had vainly for six months attempted to get his mad paymasters to give him some work to do; and we admired the rapt bovine simplicity of Mr. CALDICOT's *Dr. Lewis*.

No doubt this is not quite like *Hollywood*, but something like—well, I shouldn't wonder. At any rate this is

distinctly a gravity-removing entertainment which I can confidently recommend to film-fans for their confusion and to others for the confirmation of their wildest prejudices. T.

#### "JOLLY ROGER" (SAVOY).

Honour and Equity being satisfied, the curtain rose unchecked. And very soon our last fears were allayed as a pair of unmistakable eyebrows emerged from the rolling main, to be met with prolonged and vehement applause.

In Kingston, Jamaica, about the year 1690, things hummed. If you had a Governor as elegantly brutal as *Sir Roderick Venom*, in a secret racket with the local pirate and visited by the Admiral of the Fleet, who had in his pocket a Royal Warrant for the

piratical comic opera, which does great credit to its authors, Mr. SCOBIE MACKENZIE and Mr. V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY; and on the whole they have absorbed successfully into their scheme Mr. ROBEY's enormous personality, which can have been no easy task.

Burlesque, once it is fairly launched, is notoriously difficult to control, and it would therefore be unfair to blame our authors for erring on the side of restraint; but I think there are several places in *Jolly Roger* where the burlesque element might have been italicised, and several others where it might have been more separate from the vein of sentiment, which was really too light to enter into competition with another emotion. There was one point, for instance, where the audience were

clearly uncertain as to whether they should sympathise in silence with the love-making or detonate at Mr. ROBEY's accidents with his crewel-work. But this, coupled with the criticism that the First Act is too long, are small points against a show which, taken in the proper spirit, is tremendous fun. If the humour is sometimes broader than it is long, it must be remembered that pirates will inevitably be pirates, and that the Restoration was not a period renowned for its gentility.

Mr. WALTER LEIGH's music seemed to me pleasant and tuneful, "Sweet William" and "The Explanatory Air" being specially good. It combined well with Mr. CLINTON-BADDELEY's lyrics, which ran easily and wittily.

Miss MURIEL ANGELUS charmed us as the *Admiral's* daughter, and Miss SARA ALLGOOD's conquest of the *Admiral* himself was delightful. Of the men, Mr. GAVIN GORDON gave an outstanding performance as the rake-hell *Governor*, and he shared the honours of a good cast with Mr. ROBEY, who surely has never been in better form.

His Spanish castanet dance, his cavalier treatment of an extra pippin melon, his brine-steeped oaths, his murderous encounter with the Guard, and his constant refrain of "As you might say" were all magnificent. That his pirate's disguise included a bowler-hat mattered not at all. ERIC.

An American author says that he smokes on an average fifteen hundred cigarettes while writing a novel. After that it is the publisher's turn to start puffing.



THE TALKIE TUTORS.

George Lewis . . . . . Mr. RICHARD CALDICOT.  
May Daniels . . . . . Miss BARBARA FRANCIS.  
Jerry Hyland . . . . . Mr. ELLIS IRVING.

Governor's deposition; if the Governor had wrongfully imprisoned a handsome young planter who happened to have a tenor voice and a lyrical ability unusual amongst planters; and if the Admiral had been mug enough to bring along his lovely and equally songful daughter, well, things *had* to hum. And that they hummed to our great satisfaction was due chiefly to the presence of *Bold Ben Blister*, at once the planter's faithful sailor-chum and our Mr. ROBEY.

Mention of such ingredients absolves me from further relation of the story. You can guess for yourselves how evilly *Sir Roderick* conducted himself; how black things looked for the virtuous parties, and how utterly unstuck came *Sir Roderick's* machinations in the end. The planter won the Admiral's daughter, and *Ben Blister*, who deserved at least the freedom of Jamaica, won only her maid and a putty medal.

The result is a riotous burlesque of



### Corn in Egypt.

WHEN dear old Mr. Wilberforce at last accepted our invitation to spend a week-end in our rather jungly subdivision we were exercised in our minds. The old fellow had entertained us nobly more than once at the District Headquarters, and we felt that the dental-floss chicken and the india-rubber meat of Hailarpet ought somehow to be supplemented. I asked Leonard what we could do about it.

"Well," he said, "we can always kill the Bribe."

The Bribe was grazing peacefully in front of us. It—he—was a large black sheep, or a large specimen of the creature which passes for a sheep in South India. The Bribe had been given to Leonard, I am sorry to say, by a local landowner, and Leonard had taken him. Under the Rules, Government officials are not supposed to accept any single present of the dimensions of a sheep; but Leonard said he had felt impelled to do it in the Bribe's own interest. The Bribe had now been with us several weeks and he had certainly fattened under our care, though mainly for the reason that he could not possibly have thinned.

So the Bribe was slain on the Friday night, and in the dear Victorian phrase he cut up very well. Mr. Wilberforce was to arrive at mid-day on the Saturday.

Saturday dawned nice and bright and warm, so warm that I began to doubt the wisdom of having slaughtered the Bribe quite so soon. I doubted it rather more when the usual weekly consignment of meat from headquarters—which there had been no time to stop—arrived and was laid sternly before me. It seemed such a lot—so much more than usual. And I think it was tactless in Leonard, not usually an inconsiderate husband, to go out and shoot duck that morning.

"Well," he said in answer to my expostulations, "they only came in last night. I only heard about them this morning. I had to take the chance, hadn't I?"

Viewing what seemed to me a record bag of wildfowl, I felt there had been no obligation.

Leonard went to office after break-

fast, promising to return in good time. I gave special orders to the cook and composed myself with a novel. But there was no peace for the weary; the "boy" was presently at my elbow.

"Please, Missis"—I cannot teach him to say "Madam"—"Tahsildar done send some green pigeon."

"Oh, dear!" I said. "How many?"

"Six pigeon done send, please."

I said hopefully, "Are any of them alive?" but of course they weren't.

Towards eleven a visiting-card came

picture. There lay the complete back halves of what must have been two of the finest wild pig ever shot in Madras!

When Leonard came back he found me on the verge of tears.

"Oh, cheer up," he said; "there's corn in Egypt now, anyway."

Mr. Wilberforce arrived by the bus—you do not use your car on our roads if you can help it. We went to meet him and he descended beaming; but at his first words my heart sank like a stone.

"You mustn't be angry, Mrs. Carford.

I know housekeeping up-country is a bit difficult, so"—he turned delightedly to the bus—"I've ventured to bring a little present."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the bus-driver lugging down a colossal package wrapped in sacking. It might have been a case of wine or a basket of apples, but I knew it wasn't.

I said, I hope eagerly, "What is it?"

"Oh, corn in Egypt," said old Wilberforce—"corn in Egypt. As a matter of fact, it's a goose."

In due course we sat down to lunch in our front verandah, our dining-room at noon-day being almost completely dark. The debris from the first instalment of the Bribe had just been removed when our conversation was interrupted by the droning sing-song of the Indian coolie carrying a burden. It rapidly increased in vigour and volume; then eight lusty villagers staggered in at our front-gate. They came in two groups of four connected by a long bamboo pole, and from the pole depended miserably the entire carcass of a well-grown spotted deer.

I am a weak creature and I fear I quailed. I said in a small voice, "The Forest Officer."

"No," said Leonard with admirable calmness; "only a spotted deer. Well, anyway, we shan't starve now."

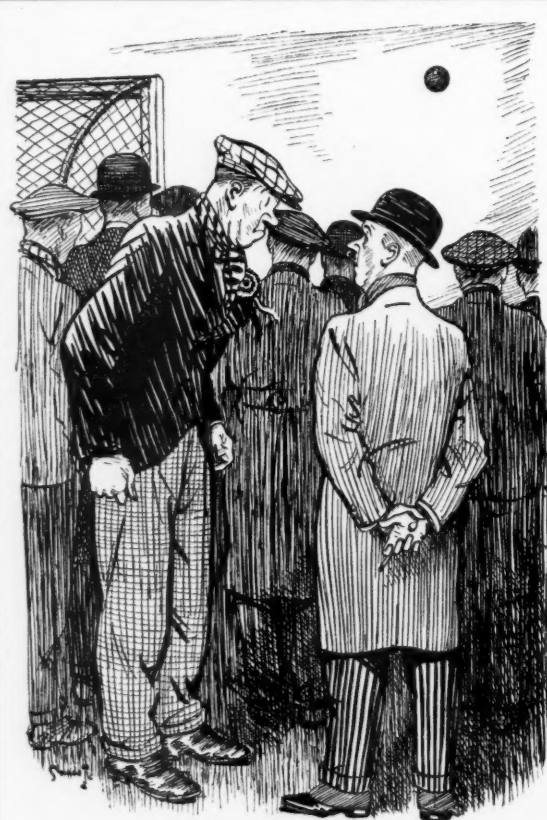
"Corn in Egypt," said old Wilberforce, with his kindly smile. H. B.

### An Impending Apology.

Geneva.—... when shortly after 10.30 a.m. M. Hymans (Belgium), the president of the League Assembly, occupied the chair, every inch of space was taken up."

Birmingham Paper.

"Breweries Flooded," says a headline. We have long suspected this.



Burly Partisan (during argument). "YOU'LL WHAT? WHY, YOU COULDN'T SAY 'BOO' TO A REFEREE!"

in. It was our friend the Zamindar of Elambur, a stoutish amiable gentleman to whom we had often been indebted for minor kindnesses. *Noblesse oblige*; I had to see him and talk to him, not always a very easy task. But to-day he was brief, and I only hope I did not blench when he said in conclusion:

"This morning we had a shoot. I got some boars. I have brought you some boar-flesh. Please kindly accept."

"Oh, thank you," I said faintly—"thank you so much."

When he had gone I ventured into the back verandah, which was fast assuming the appearance of a LANDSEER

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# This is for Women. Your Hand.



Is this YOUR hand? Then you are very unlucky indeed. Can you improve it? I doubt it, but you do not lack courage. You have plenty of grit in your hand. With patience and right guidance (and a manicure set) a lot might yet be done to avert your fate. Write to me, enclosing a plan of your hand and six shillings (or ten shillings and never mind the plan) and I will reply by return of post, giving a full Character and Fortune. No pains will be spared to give you complete satisfaction, but to ensure results state tastes.

Or, if you prefer it, follow these instructions carefully and keep your fortune to yourself.

Lay your right hand palm upwards upon the table and look down at it; or lay your head upon the table, hold your hand above your eyes and look up at it. You will observe immediately that there are four clearly-defined lines on it. These are Head (A), Life (B), Heart (c), Fate (E). Now look carefully. Does B (Life) go on a long way? If so, you will live a long time. If not, you won't. (And don't show your hand to the life-insurance people.)

In connection with this it is interesting to note that there is a theory that when bandits cry "Hands up!" it is in order to look at the Life-line of the intended victim. If it is short, they shoot to prove that there is something in Palmistry after all. If it is long, they shoot to prove there isn't.

If your Head-line (A) is stronger than your c (Heart-line), then you are headstrong and weak-hearted; if the other way round, then the other way way round. It is claimed by some that if the head is stronger than the heart death from heart-failure will result; whereas if the heart is stronger than the head the fifth glass will put you under the table, but you will be all right next day. This, of course, can be proved by experimentation. In some cases more than five glasses will be necessary; but if the case is really worth having, five will be ample.

After the fifth, look at your hand again. You will now observe that you have two Life-lines (BB), and not very straight ones. This shows that you are



The Reactionary. "SHE AIN'T BAD LOOKIN' FOR A BIG 'UN, BUT EVERY SHIP OUGHT TO 'AVE A FIGGER-HEAD. NOW IF SHE 'AD A SAUCY-LOOKIN' ELEPHANT ON 'ER BOWS IT 'UD FETCH 'ER UP LOVELY."

leading a double life. Closer investigation will disclose the fact that you have also two, if not three, right hands. You are now in a position to apply for a post as a "right-hand man" (or woman), and have proved satisfactorily that c (Heart) is stronger than A (Head). E (Fate-line) will no longer seem of importance.

One last word. A cross on the palm means Matrimony, and the lines at one side or other mean all the little rays of sunshine which it will bring to you. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

AUNT DIBBIE (Tooting).—Your hand shows that you have travelled far. You will soon meet someone you do not know. Your success will depend on how

well you succeed. Within the next few years you will (or will not) marry a tall (short) fair (dark) man (wo—See back, "AUNT"—man).

Strike out what does not apply.

"PEGGY."—A scar on your right hand, Peggy dear, most probably means that you cut or burned your right hand.

"MOTHER OF TEN."—Rather young, surely?

"Mrs. J."—You say your hand shows eight children and no marriage, and you are married already and no children? ARE YOU SURE?

"CENTENARIAN."—"My hand shows no Life-line whatever."

Then, I regret to tell you, you do not exist.



"WHY, SURELY YOU REMEMBER ME? WE WERE AT SCHOOL TOGETHER."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Napoleon's Eaglet.

FOR those of us who can see so far back, NAPOLEON'S "eaglet" son is, I suspect, the divine SARAH, slight and pathetic in her white uniform, with ROSTAND'S vigorous couplets in her golden mouth. For the poor youth himself, nothing counted but "my birth and my death—that is all my story"; and the biographer who seeks to trace the twenty-one years between the mother-of-pearl cradle in the Tuileries and the copper shell in a Viennese vault finds little of importance to reward him for his pains. Despite the praise of M. MAUROIS, the handling of *Napoleon II., the King of Rome* (ROUTLEDGE, 12/6), strikes me as undistinguished. The pairing of NAPOLEON and MARIE LOUISE, of MARIE LOUISE and NEIPPERG, and of young NAPOLEON and the Archduchess SOPHIE is ancient gossip-ground; and of the mass of intimate material which M. OCTAVE AUBRY has retrieved from the secret archives and domestic papers of Austria, there is nothing that does not confirm and comparatively little that rejuvenates the *L'Aiglon* legend as we know it. The book's strongly anti-English and mildly anti-Teutonic bias is perhaps inevitable. But it is not easy to share M. AUBRY'S preoccupation with the NAPOLEON of Elba and St. Helena as an injured *père de famille*. The "LITTLE CORPORAL" shattered too many homes himself to make much sentimental appeal in his own downfall. Strange lapses disfigure the translation—lapses such as

"communed" for "made his communion"; and a Greek quotation on the fly-leaf displays three or four errors in a single line.

#### Engulfing Waves.

From the first mutterings of mutiny to the final outbreak of rabid Bolshevism the tale of the moral collapse in the German High Seas Fleet is traced with previously unrecorded detail by PAUL SCHUBERT and LANGHORNE GIBSON in *Death of a Fleet* (HUTCHINSON, 12/6). The trouble, which is at first concerned with local grumblings about food and denial of picture-theatre leave, proceeds in ebb and flow of farce and tragedy to demands for fair sharing of the canteen profits and abolition of the monarchy, to the senseless rattle of machine-guns, and finally to red riot and the election of Stoker KUHN as President of the notable Republic of Oldenburg; but in the offing there is always the British Navy, by blockade and by the threat of action holding up supplies and wearing down the professional self-respect of the German sailors. The breakdown is a tragedy of spiritual atrophy, and the hard-worked scouting light cruisers are scarcely affected. The authors, whose dual nationality is evidenced in occasional surprising verbal slips—they use the delightful expression, "hard-one victory," for instance—have adopted a staccato manner of writing which, though at times it descends to the merely spasmodic, is generally rather effective. Their story closes with an impressive account of the internment of the KAISER'S battleships in the desolate North, and of their last hours as they disappear before the wondering eyes of a party of school-children on



an excursion-steamer one by one beneath the waters of Scapa Flow.

#### Mr. Bullett Remembers.

The scene of GERALD BULLETT's book  
Is laid just long enough ago  
To stir old fogeys who can look  
Backward at forty years or so;  
Presented as a picture seen  
In memory's glass, untouched,  
capricious,  
By turns grim, fragrant, blunted, keen,  
It's all, or nearly all, delicious.

It tells us how a village sect  
Of Little Bethelites retrieve  
The soul of one of the elect,  
An erring child of Mother EVE—  
A soul which, judged by common wits,  
Had far less need of such salvation  
Than those of half the hypocrites  
In that enlightened congregation.

*The Quick*, its name is, and *the Dead*.  
There's little you could call a plot;  
It isn't quick, when all is said,  
And dead it certainly is not;  
But, though its quietly ordered plan  
Has no concern with thrills or  
killings,  
It grips. (It comes from HEINEMANN;  
The price is half-a-dozen shillings.)

#### For the American Gallery.

The standardised magazine-story has a good deal to answer for, whether in providing a market for the mechanical producer of machines or in turning a good craftsman into something not unlike a factory-hand. This last fate strikes me as having threatened to overtake, without ever completely overtaking, the late Mr. DONN BYRNE, whose posthumous book, *The Alley of Flashing Spears* (SAMPSON LOW, 7/6), keeps the American gallery a thought too considerably in view. The author has clearly enjoyed himself most over such pathetically ironic sketches as "Hail and Farewell," which recounts a Genoese emigrant's nibble at New York, and over the thwarted pastoral aspirations of "The Happy Town-land." His mastery of stock themes and stock manners is amply displayed in the first tale and the last, where one strong man imperils a Labour-leader's career for "the grass-widow of a satanic rake," while another retains a life of adventure in the teeth of sentimental opposition. For a piece of sleuthery "The Master of Raymond Lully" is a trifle overcrowded with apparatus, while "Treachery" starkly shows a young Orangewoman in the act of deleting an intemperate partner. "Executive Session" sustains with difficulty its white-heat of crisis in an attack by a down-and-out employee on a pig-headed industrialist; but "Towers of Silence," with its Florida setting and exotic cast, is picturesque, well-constructed, classical in its poetic justice and little the worse for its fantasticality. Its author is here still catering for a cruder palate than his own—but he does his best for it.



"CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT MY BALANCE IS?"  
"YES—ER—TWO SHILLINGS."  
"WHICH WAY?"

#### Guilt Without the Gingerbread.

The late THOMAS COBB had already acquired a considerable reputation as a writer of novels in the vein of social comedy when he turned to the more popular business of producing thrillers. His thrillers, however, were never marked by the literary defects any more than by the unsavoury goriness which disfigure so many ingenious efforts in this genre. Like everything he wrote, they are well-constructed, credible, commonsense tales, dealing neither in exotic absurdities nor in psychological impossibilities. His last book, *The Metal Box* (BENN, 7/6), is a representative example of his unobtrusive but individual manner. It tells how a maiden lady is found murdered in a London suburb, and how her death appears to be in some way connected with a certain mysterious box of jewellery which was in her

possession until a few days before the crime. The problem is ultimately solved, as most such problems are solved in real life, by large matter-of-fact policemen using the ordinary processes of reasoning, and not by some odd semi-scientific freak armed with a whole paraphernalia of gadgets. The characters are pleasantly drawn, and the book is one which can be read with enjoyment by people for whom the sort of illiterate improbabilities in the shape of crime-stories with which the book market is flooded possess no sort of appeal whatever.

#### Tasmanian Troubles.

The vicissitudes of Van Diemen's Land have been many and varied. *Pageant*, by G. B. LANCASTER (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 7/6), runs, or rather walks, through the history of the Colony from 1846 to 1896, narrating at the same time the particular doings of a few selected characters. Convicts and settlers throng the pages; some entertaining love-affairs are presented, and we hear something of the gold-rush in Victoria across the Straits. It is a task-novel, built up less by inspiration than by industry, but the result is worthy of admiration. Interest is maintained throughout the four hundred pages by a profusion of picturesque and romantic detail. It is a thoroughly workmanlike performance and merits the distinction of having been chosen by the Book Guild of America, for it will not let the guildsmen down. It is good solid reading; it conveys also the peculiar quality of the Australian atmosphere—a blend of indifference and sadness. The book is printed and bound in an exemplary manner.

#### A Perambulating Punch.

We poor creatures who sometimes shrink from the hardships of an inn-fed walking-tour can only marvel at the fortitude of Mr. WALTER WILKINSON, whose habit it is to tramp pushing, on a brightly-painted handcart, a Punch-and-Judy show, a tent and a kitchen, in fact a complete theatre and a complete house. His latest book is *A Sussex Peep-Show* (BLES, 7/6), and I find it a curiously pleasant record. He has in him the real stuff of the country, and there is a gay vagabond quality about his writing which is delightful; whether he is recalling a village fair, a dawn seen from the roof of the Downs, or an evening in a rain-lashed tent made bearable by reading the more bibulous portions of *Pickwick*, he makes it all live again. Much of Sussex has been ruined by bestial suburbanisation, but untouched stretches of the older England survive and if Mr. WILKINSON is eloquently bitter about the one, he did his best to steer his cart through the other. I grew tired at his inartistic reiteration of the evils of industrialism and the motor-car, but this is the only quarrel I pick with an author who has real claims to be considered the modern COBBETT.

#### A Jail-Bird.

I have frequently enjoyed Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM's books and have always been amazed by his versatility, but until *One of the Ten Thousand* (BENN, 3/6) came my way I had not met him as a novelist. It is a curiously interesting tale that he has offered for our reading. Without any attempt to deliver a "message" he has made a most discerning study of a wastrel who belonged not to the Upper Ten Thousand but to the Lower, if not the lowest. *John Murray Mordaunt*, when Mr. GRAHAM introduces him, had just been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for a crime that he had not committed. Here, then, ready to his hands was an opportunity to seek, almost to extort, sympathy, and he did not hesitate to make the most of it. Well-intentioned people, however, were not so anxious to get him released as they were to save a flighty though not unattractive girl from marrying him when he did regain his freedom. Professional whiners of the *Mordaunt* type exist in plenty, but I doubt if any of them have ever been subjected to a more searching scrutiny than the ne'er-do-well of Mr. GRAHAM's unusual story.

#### A Feast of Good Things.

In collecting *Recipes Rare From Everywhere* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, 2/6) Mrs. GEORGE PETO has done a dual service. Spreading her net far and wide she has secured such a varied haul that some of it at least cannot fail to tickle even the most jaded palates; and the profits derived from the book go to help the funds of the West London Hospital Ladies' Association. While wishing this collection the best of fortune, let me also give some idea of its contents. To begin with, several chefs of London Clubs reveal their secrets; then twenty-eight countries are called upon for

contributions. Eight pages, and none too many, are devoted to "Egg Dishes"; you can choose from no fewer than fifty Entrées (and my choice is *Risotto à la Puzzi*); and the number of "Sweet Dishes" is almost overwhelming. But Mrs. PETO's friends and acquaintances have responded nobly to her call, and nothing is forgotten. And after tempting us in so many irresistible ways I came in the end to a chapter called the "Hollywood Slimming Cure." Among all the delicacies that Mrs. PETO has put before us I feel that her sense of humour ought not to pass unnoticed.

We regret that the name of the publishers of *Acorned Hog*, by Mr. SHAMUS FRAZER, reviewed in our issue of February 22nd, was inadvertently given as CHATTO AND WINDUS. The publishers are Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

"LION POISONED BY MISSIONARY."—*Daily Paper*.  
The king of beasts should diet more carefully.



Young Thing (having studied the menu). "Oh, Mr. GULLSTEIN, DON'T YOU FIND THAT MUSHROOMS ABSOLUTELY GROW ON YOU?"